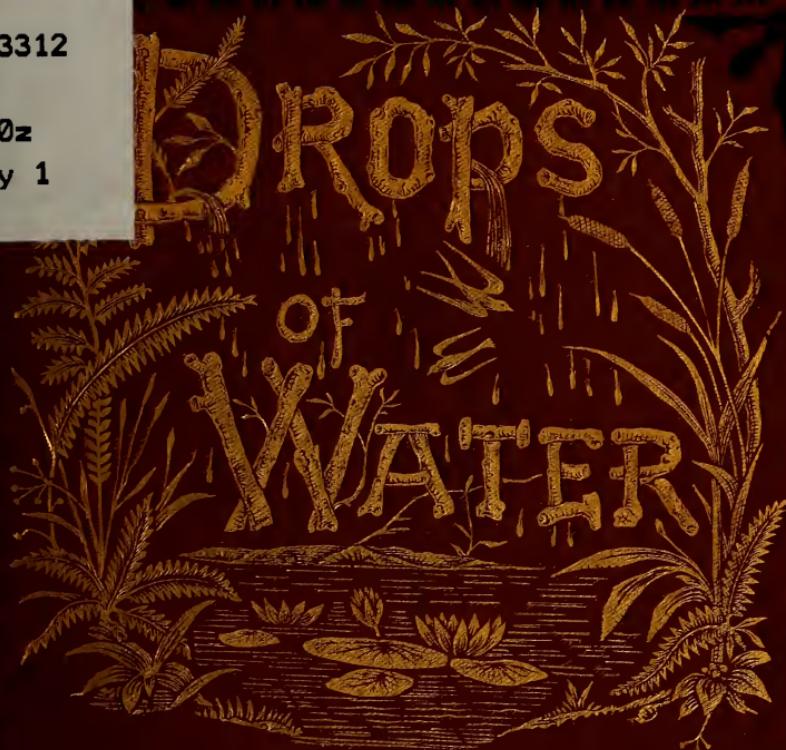
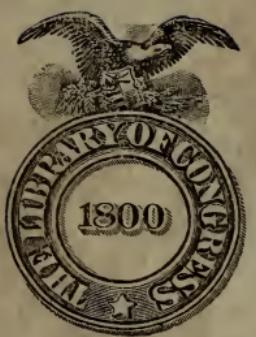


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ELLA WHEELER





Yours Respectfully
Ella Wheeler

DROPS OF WATER:

A SELECTION OF

TEMPERANCE POEMS & RECITATIONS.

BY

ELLA WHEELER, *Wiley*
" " " "

Of Wisconsin, United States.



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COL. JAMES G. BROWN

JULY 26, 1944

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BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

ELLA WHEELER, G.W.V.T., WISCONSIN, was born November 5th, 1850, in Rock County, Wis., U.S.A. Her parents were in humble but comfortable circumstances, and Ella, their youngest child, was privileged with exceptional opportunities to develop the talent which, from her earliest years, promised to raise her to the platform of the teachers and comforters of humanity.

When but an infant, before she could write, she "printed," upon what material came to hand, her little verse stories and fairy romances. At the age of sixteen she began to write for the press, and regularly from that time until now her pen has been so employed.

Soon after her first piece appeared in the New York *Mercury*, she ventured to publish a "poem," which was cruelly and heartlessly dealt with, in the name of criticism, by a reviewing editor, who concluded his merciless attack upon the young authoress by saying that, "if he had succeeded in preventing her from ever attempting another line of poetry, he should feel that he had done the world a service." Happily, however, Ella was not so completely crushed by unfair criticism as her censor hoped, and though only sixteen, a romantic, unsophisticated country girl, she redoubled her efforts, and in a short time afterwards was one of the staff of contributors to Frank Leslie's journal and several other leading journals of the States. Some months later she

was placed upon Harper's journal, and became able to support herself, as she says, by her literary labours.

The practical lessons of "total abstinence" from all intoxicating drinks were wisely instilled into her mind and habits from infancy. Her parents—and especially her mother, who was a most radical and earnest Temperance worker—were her teachers and examples. Naturally catching her mother's inspiration, Ella has devoted herself with much enthusiasm and zeal to the cause of Temperance. By pen and voice, and work of other kinds, she seeks to promote the movement. Poems, songs, recitations, &c., she has written in great number.

A selection of these has been collected into a volume, and issued by the leading Temperance publishers in America—the National Temperance Society and Publication House of New York. The work has already obtained a popularity which has reached our own shores, many of her pieces having been reproduced in various Temperance periodicals in all parts of the kingdom.

The present Copyright volume is a revised edition of the American work, published by arrangement with the authoress, and containing additional later poems communicated by herself.

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DROPS OF WATER.

DON'T DRINK.

DON'T drink, boys, don't !

There is nothing of happiness, pleasure, or cheer,
In brandy, in whisky, in rum, ale, or beer.
If they cheer you when drunk, you are certain to pay
In headaches and crossness the following day.

Don't drink, boys, don't !

Boys, let it alone !

Turn your back on your deadliest enemy—Drink !
An assassin disguised ; nor for one moment think,
As some rashly say, that *true* women admire
The man who can boast that he's playing with fire.

Boys, let it alone !

No, boys, don't drink !

If the habit's begun, stop now ! stop to-day !

Ere the spirit of thirst leads you on and away

Into vice, shame, and drunkenness. This is a goal,

Where the spirit of thirst leads the slave of the bowl.

No, boys, *don't* drink !

Boys, touch not, nor taste !

Don't think you can stop at the social "First Glass."

Too many have boasted that power, alas !

And found they were slaves to this seeming good friend,

And have grown into drunkards and knaves in the end.

Boys, touch not, nor taste !

Don't drink, boys, *Don't* !

If the loafers and idlers scoff, never heed :

True men and true women will wish you "God-speed."

There is nothing of purity, pleasure, or cheer

To be gotten from whisky, wine, brandy, or beer.

Don't drink, boys, *Don't* !

A GLASS OF WINE.

“ **W**HAT’S in a glass of wine ? ”

There, set the glass where I can look within.

Now listen to me, friend, and I’ll begin

And tell you what I see—

What I behold with my far-reaching eyes,

And what I know to be

Below the laughing bubbles that arise

Within this glass of wine.

There is a little spirit, night and day,

That cries one word, for ever and alway :

That single word is “ More ! ”

And whoso drinks a glass of wine, drinks *him* :

You fill the goblet full unto the brim,

And strive to silence him.

Glass after glass you drain to quench his thirst,

Each glass contains a spirit like the first ;

And all their voices cry

Until they shriek and clamour, howl and rave,
And shout “ More ! ” noisily,
Till welcome death prepares the drunkard’s grave,
And stills the imps that rave.

That see I in the wine :
And tears so many that I cannot guess ;
And all these drops are labelled with “ Distress.”
I know you cannot see.
And at the bottom are the dregs of shame :
Oh ! it is plain to me.
And there are woes too terrible to name :
Now drink your glass of wine.

WILD OATS.

I SAW a fair youth, with a brow broad and white,
And an eye that was beaming with intellect’s light :
And his face seemed to glow with the wealth of his mind ;
And I said, “ He will grace and ennable mankind :
He is Nature’s own king.”

We met yet again. I saw the youth stand
With a bowl that was flowing and red in his hand ;
And he filled it again, and again did he quaff,
And his friends gathered round him, and said with a laugh,
“ He is sowing his oats.”

Ah ! his eye was too bright, and his cheek was too red,
And I gazed on the youth with a feeling of dread ;
And again as he laughingly lifted the bowl,
I turned from the scene with a shuddering soul :
It was terrible seed !

We met but once more. I found in the street
A corpse half-enveloped in mud and in sleet :
A foul, bloated thing ; but I saw in the face
A something that told of its boyhood’s grace :
He had reaped the dire crop.

O youths who are sowing wild oats ! do you know
That the terrible seed you are planting will grow ?
Have you thought how your God will require some day
An account of the life you are throwing away ?
Have you thought, O rash youth ?

It will soon be too late, there is no time to waste ;
Then throw down the cup ! do not touch, do not taste !
It is filled with destruction and sorrow and pain :
Throw it down ! throw it down ! do not lift it again :
It will soon be too late !

A SIGN-BOARD.

I WILL paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it above your door ;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.

He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller,
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor,
Holding in either hand.

He wavers, but you urge him :
“ Drink ! pledge me just this one ! ”
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And next I will paint a drunkard :
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid :
I will paint him as he lies,
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the winter skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side—
Her beautiful boy, that was dearer
Than all of the world beside.

I will paint the shape of a coffin
Labelled with one word, “Lost.”
I will paint all this, rumseller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and sorrow,
The crime and sin and woe,
That is born there in your rumshop,
No hand *can* paint, you know ;
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

THE TWO SHIPS.

ON the sea of life they floated,
Brothers twain in manhood's pride,
And the good ship "Temperance" bore them
Safely o'er the stormy tide.
Not a thought of rock or breaker,
Not a fear of wreck had they,
For their ship was strong and steady—
Faithful, trusty, night and day.

So they floated on together,
Full of youth's elastic joy,
Floated till the air was startled
With the cry of "Boat ahoy!"
And they saw a craft beside them,
Dainty, jaunty, frail, and fair,
And its banner showed a wine-glass
Painted as its symbol there.

And again the stranger shouted,
"Boat ahoy! a friend is near!"

Captain of yon gallant vessel,
Do you see, and do you hear ?
We're the 'Social Glass,' my hearties,
And a jolly, jovial crew.
We are bound for Pleasure Valley,
And we would be friends with you."

But the brothers stood in silence,
Though they could not help but hear,
And the elder's heart was throbbing
With a vague and chilling fear.
And again the stranger pleaded,
" Come aboard the ' Social Glass ! '
We will entertain you warmly,
And the time will quickly pass."

Still the elder stood unheeding,
Still he did not move nor turn,
And his mien was cold and haughty,
And his face was dark and stern.
But the younger whispered to him,
" Surely, we are churls to stand
In this sullen, boorish silence ;
Let us offer friendship's hand.

See ! they beckon us to join them !
Beckon us with word and smile ;
I will not refuse them longer,
I will join them for a while.”
Then the “ Social Glass ” rowed nearer,
And he joined the jovial throng,
And they gathered round about him,
Greeting him with laugh and song.

Then the elder cried in anguish,
Loud and wild his accents fell :
“ Know you not, O brother, brother !
Yonder ship is bound for hell ?
See the clouds that hover o'er you ;
And the day is growing dark :
There is ruin and destruction
For each soul upon that bark.

“ Oh ! come back ! Why did you leave me !
It is certain death to stay,
Do not loiter ! do not linger !
Brother, brother, come away ! ”

But the wild winds only answered
To his agonising plea ;
And the “ Social Glass ” went bounding
Lightly o'er the troubled sea.

He could hear their shouts of laughter,
He could see their goblets shine,
He could see his darling brother
With his lips all red with wine.
Ah ! a seething, boiling maelstrom
Lay within their very track,
And he warned them of their danger,
And he strove to turn them back.

But they did not, would not heed him :
On they went in wildest glee !
Nearer, nearer to the whirlpool,
Nearer to the boiling sea,
Till the “ Social Glass ” was buried
In the seething, rushing wave,
And each mad and reckless voyager
Found a dark and awful grave.

And the lonely brother floated
Calmly o'er the stormy tide,
For the good ship "Temperance" bore him
Safely o'er the waters wide.
And he never left her shelter
Till the voyage of life was o'er,
And he anchored where the angels
Waited for him on the shore.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

THE devil to Bacchus said, one day,
In a scowling, growling, petulant way,
As he came from earth to hell :
" There's a soul above that I canhot move,
And I've struggled long and well ;
He's a manly youth, with an eye of truth,
A fellow of matchless grace ;
And he looks me through with his eye of blue
Till I cower before his face.
The very power and strength of heaven
To this young, fearless soul was given ;

For I've never an art that can reach his heart,
And I cannot snare his feet :
I have wasted days in devising ways,
And now must cry 'Defeat !'"
And the devil scowled, and grumbled, and growled,
And beat about with his cane,
Till the demons fled over the burning waste
Out of his reach in hurrying haste,
Howling aloud in pain.

Bacchus laughed as he stooped and quaffed
A burning bumper of wine :
"Why, master," said he, "you soon shall see
The fellow down at your shrine ;
Long ago, if you'd let me know,
We'd had him in our ranks.
And now, adieu ! while I work for you ;
Don't hurry about your thanks !
I'm going above ; you know they love
The sight of my glowing face.
They call me a *god* ! ho ! ho ! how odd !
With *this* for my dwelling-place."

A youth with a dower of manly grace,
A maid with the morning in her face,
And she filleth a goblet full to the brim,
And giveth the bubbling draught to him.
“ Drink ! ” she says, and the goblet sways
 And shimmers under his eyes.
He tries to speak, but the tongue is weak,
 And the words sink into sighs ;
For the maid is fair, and she holds him there
 With a spell that he cannot flee :
“ Drink ! ” and she sips with her ruby lips—
 “ Drink but a draught with me.”
And the lovers quaffed, while the demons laughed,
 And Bacchus laughed loud and long. •
“ Ho ! ho ! ” cried he, “ what a victory !
 Ho ! ho ! for the soul so strong
That my master was beat, and cried ‘ Defeat ! ’
But wine is a tempter, and love is sweet.”

Bacchus went back o’er the fiery track
 Into the land below ;
And the devil said, “ Well, what have you to tell
 Of the thing I want to know ? ”

And Bacchus said he, "Why, look and see !

There is your strong, brave youth
Reeling along, with a drunken song
Staining those lips of truth.

My work is done ! You must go on
And finish the job I started ;
And as long as I stay in your service, pray,
Don't ever be down-hearted."

THE BLACK CHARGER.

THHERE'S a terrible steed that rests not night nor day,
But onward and onward, for ever away,
Through hamlet, through village, through country, through
town,
Is heard the dread thud of his hoofs beating down ;
Is seen the fierce eye, is felt the hot breath ;
And before it, behind it, spreads ruin and death :
By castle, by cottage, by hut and by hall,
Still faster and fiercer he passes them all.
He breathes on the youth with the face of the morn,
He leaves him a mark for the finger of scorn ;

He cries, "Mount and ride ! I will bear you away
To the fair fields of pleasure. Come, mount me, I say !"
And, alas for the youth ! he is borne like the wind,
And he leaveth his manhood, his virtue behind ;
And faster, still faster, he speeds down the track,
Where many shall follow, and few shall come back.

He breathes on the heart which is stricken with grief :
"Come, mount me ! and fly to the plains of relief ;
I will bear you away to the fair fields Elysian,
Where your sorrows shall seem but a long-vanished vision.
With the future before you, forgetting the past,
You shall revel in pleasure, rejoicing at last."
Ah ! whoso shall mount shall ride to his doom :
Shall be sunk in the marshes of terror and gloom.

He breathes on the king, and he breathes on the slave ;
On the young and the old, from the crib to the grave ;
On masterly minds, and they wither away
As the flower droops and dies 'neath a torrid sun's ray ;
On beautiful souls that are pure as the light,
And they shrivel, polluted with mildew and blight.
The master, the servant, the high and the low,
He bears them *all* down to the regions of woe.

Ho ! ho ! Temperance clan ! rest ye not night or day :
Watch, watch for the steed ! starve him down ! block
his way !

Throw him into the dust ! seize his long, flowing mane !
Bind his terrible limbs till he quivers in pain.
Stab him through to the heart ! beat him down till he lies
Stark and stiff on the earth—beat him down till he dies !
Till never by castle, by cottage, by hall,
Shall again pass the black-hearted steed, Alcohol !

“WHERE IS THY BROTHER?”

O H ! when I think in what a thorny way
The feet of men must ever walk and stray,
I do not wonder that so many fall,
But wonder more that any stand at all.

I look around me, and on every hand
I see the palaces of destruction stand
Like whitened sepulchres : some seem to be
All white and clean, and pure as purity.

I see a path of flowers, blooming fair,
But, oh ! a dark abyss is hidden there.

I see a serpent lurking in the grass
Where manly feet will all unheeding pass.

I see the maiden with the beaming eye,
She lightly laughs and lifts the wine-glass high,
And says the while her red lips sip and taste,
“ A fig for temperance ; wine’s too good to waste.”

It is so hard for men to walk within
The narrow path that leads away from sin ;
So hard to keep unto the better way,
Even with woman’s hand to guide alway ;

But when she scorns and jeers the noble strife,
And turns them from the higher, better life,
And leads them downward with her own fair hand,
Oh ! can we wonder that they do not stand ?

Alas ! my sisters, I can only pray,
May God forgive you on the judgment-day :
“ Where is thy brother, where ? ” the Master saith,—
And you, like Cain, must answer for his death.

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

THE sweet young Spring walks over the earth,
It flushes and glows on moor and lea ;
The birds are singing in careless mirth,
The brook flows cheerily on to the sea ;
And I know that the flowers are blooming now
Over my beautiful darling's brow :
Blooming and blowing in perfume now
Over my poor lost darling's brow.

The breath of the passionate Summer turns
The green of the hills to a deeper dye ;
The wind from the south land blows and burns,
The sun grows red in the brazen sky ;
And I know that the long, dank grasses wave
Over my beautiful darling's grave :
Rise and fall, and lift and wave
Over my darling's narrow grave.

The days flow on, and the summer dies,
And glorious Autumn takes the crown ;
And toward the south the robin flies,
And the green of the hills grows dull and brown ;

And the leaves, all purple, and gold, and red,
Drift over my precious darling's bed :
Drift and flutter, all gold and red,
Over my darling's lowly bed.

The Winter comes with its chilling snows,
And wraps the world in a spotless shroud ;
And cold from the north the wild wind blows,
And the tempest rages fierce and loud ;
It shrieks, and sobs, and sighs, and weeps
Over the mound where my darling sleeps :
In pity, it sobs, and sighs, and weeps
Over the mound where my lost one sleeps.

He was so young, and fair, and brave :
The pride of my bosom—my heart's best joy ;
And he lieth now in a drunkard's grave ;
My beautiful darling, my only boy :
But down in my heart of hearts, I know
He has gone where his tempters never *can* go :
To heaven his soul has gone, I know,
Where the soul of his tempters never *can* go.

They charmed him into their licensed hell,
They gave him rum, and his eye grew wild ;
And lower and lower down he fell,
Till they made a fiend of my precious child :
May the curses of God fall on the soul
Who gave my darling the poison bowl !
Ay, curses dark and deep on the soul
Who tempted my darling to lift the bowl !

WHAT HAD HE DONE?

I SAW the farmer, when the day was done,
And the proud sun had sought his crimson bed,
And the mild stars came forward one by one—
I saw the sturdy farmer, and I said :
“ What have you done to-day,
O farmer ! say ? ”

“ Oh ! I have sown the wheat in yonder field,
And pruned my orchard to increase its yield,
And turned the furrow for a patch of corn :
This have I done, with other things, since morn.”

I saw the blacksmith in his smithy door,
When day had vanished and the west grew red,
And all the busy noise and strife were o'er—

I saw the kingly blacksmith, and I said :

“What have you done to-day,
O blacksmith ! say ?”

“ Oh ! I have made two ploughshares all complete,
And nailed the shoes on many horses' feet ;
And—O my friend ! I cannot tell you half,”
The man of muscle answered, with a laugh.

I saw the miller, when the day had gone,
And all the sunlight from the hills had fled,
And tender shadows crept across the lawn—

I saw the trusty miller, and I said :

“What have you done to-day,
O miller, gray ?”

“ Oh ! I have watched my mill from morn to night,
And never saw yon flour so snowy white ;
And many are the mouths to-day I've fed,
I ween,” the merry miller laughed and said.

I saw another, when the night grew nigh,
And turned each daily toiler from his task,
When gold and crimson banners decked the sky—

I saw another, and I paused to ask :

“ What have you done to-day,
Rumseller, say ? ”

But the rumseller turned with dropping head,
And not a single word in answer said.

What had he done ? His work he knew full well
Was plunging human souls in deepest hell.

Alas ! rumseller, on that awful day,
When death shall call you, and your race is run,
How can you answer ? What can you hope to say ?
When God shall ask you, “ What have you done ? ”
How can you meet the eye
Of the Most High ?

When night approaches and the day grows late,
Think you to find the way to heaven’s gate ?
Think you to dwell with souls of righteous men ?
Think you to enter in ? If not, what then ?

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER I.

I SAW a mother give wine to her boy—
The rain-drops fall and fall :
The pride of his parents, a household joy,
A mother's blessing, her all.

I saw the cheek of the youth grow red—
The rain falls over the lea :
The light of his eye shone like jewels, they said :
It spoke of ruin to me.

I saw the youth drink again and again—
The rain falls heavy and fast :
I saw the mother's brow furrowed with pain,—
She was reaping her harvest at last.

I saw the youth go staggering by—
The rain-drops beat and beat :
Dulled was the light of his beautiful eye ;
I saw him fall in the street.

I heard the rabble cry, “Shame ! oh, shame !”

The rain-drops sob and sob :

I heard the drunkard’s once-honoured name

Shouted aloud by the mob.

I saw the youth carried home to his door—

The rain-drops sob and sigh :

Saw the friends shun him, who sought him before,

Saw him sink lower, and die.

I saw the stone that bore only his name—

The rain-drops mutter and rave :

I saw the mother with sorrow and shame

Bowed to the brink of the grave.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER II.

I SAW a maid with her chivalrous lover :

He was both tender and true ;

He kissed her lips, vowed over and over,

“ Darling, I worship you.”

Sing, sing, bird of the spring,
Tell of the flowers the summer will bring.

I saw the maiden, sweet, loving, confiding,
Smile when he whispered "Mine,"
Saw her lips meet his with no word of chiding,
Though his breath fumed with wine.
Wail, wail, Nightingale,
Sing of a mourner bowed and pale.

I saw the lover and maid at the altar,
Bound by the bands divine ;
Heard the responses—they fail not nor falter—
Saw the guests pledge in wine.
Howl, howl, ominous Owl,
Shriek of the terrible tempest's scowl.

I saw the drunkard's wife weeping in anguish,
Saw her struck down by a blow ;
I saw the husband in prison-cells languish—
Thus ends the tale of woe.
Shriek, shriek, O Raven ! speak
Of the terrible midnight, dark and bleak.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER III.

I SAW two youths : both were fair in the face,
They had set out foot to foot in life's race ;
But one said to the other, “ I say now, my brother,
You are going a little too slow ;
The world will look on, and say, ‘ See Josy John,’
We must put on more style, now, you know.”

So he tipped a plug hat on one side of his pate,
And strutted along with a Jockey Club gait ;
And he carried a cane, and said, “ It is plain,
I am too fine a fellow to toil.

I can gamble and bet, and a good living get ;
But my hands are too pretty to soil.

“ My friend in the rear, you are slow, I am fast ;
I am up with the times—I am first, you are last.
So I guess I will leave you—aw, if it won’t grieve you :
I’ll wait for you when I get through ;
Or, when up on the hill, I’ll remem-bah you still,
And—aw, mayhap I’ll come and help you.”

I saw him pass on with a strut through the street ;
Saw him stopped by a score of "good boys" for a treat,
While the calm "Josy John" went quietly on,
And kept his lips free from the bowl ;
Worked at whatever came, turned from sin and from shame,
And wrote "Purity," "Truth," in his soul.

I saw two men : one was fair to behold ;
The other, a drunken sot, bloated and bold.
One stood on the mountain and drank of God's fountain,
The other drank beer in the street.
Yet both started alike ; but one made a "strike,"
Which ended, you see, in defeat.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER IV.

I SAW a youth, one of God's favoured few,
Crowned with beauty, and talents, and health ;
He had climbed the steep pathway, and cut his way
through
To the summit of glory and wealth.

The day is breaking, hearts are waking,
Refreshed for the field of labour :
Arise, arise, like the king of the skies,
With a greeting for friend and neighbour.

He had toiled hard for the honours he'd won,
He had climbed over high rocks, forded streams ;
Braved the bleak winter snow, the hot summer sun, —
He was reaching the goal of his dreams.
The day hangs around us, the sun hath bound us
With fetters silken and yellow :
Flow, flow away, fleeting day,
Golden-hearted and mellow.

I saw the youth lift a mug to his mouth,
Drink the last drop of the fearful *first glass* !
Ah ! his veins thrill in a fierce, scorching drouth ;
He fills it again, again drinks it ! alas !
The day is dying, hearts are sighing,
Crushed with a weight of sorrow :
Sleep, oh ! sleep, in a slumber deep,
And wait for a bright to-morrow.

I saw him low in the dust at my feet,
Gone beauty, health, wealth, strength, talents, *all* ;
From the summit of Fame to the slime of the street,
He had bartered his soul for the fiend Alcohol.
The night hangs o'er us, the wind's wild chorus
Shrieks like a demons' revel :
Weep, sob, weep, for the fog is deep,
And the world is sold to the devil.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

NUMBER V.

I SAW a Christian, a temperance man,
Casting his ballot one day at the polls :
One who believes he does what he can
Toward the reclaiming and saving of souls.
And may be he does—may be he does !
I don't say he *doesn't*, but *may be* he does !

I saw his candidate sipping his beer,
Wiping his moustache and lapping his jaws ;
And I said to myself, " It's decidedly queer,
If this is the man that should help make our laws."
But may be he is—may be he is !
I won't say it outright, but *may be* he is !

I saw an old drunkard fall in the street :
I saw my Christian man mournfully pass,
And mournfully say to the sot at his feet :
" I have done what I could for such wrecks, but,
alas !"
Well, may be he had—may be he had !
I don't say he *hadn't*, but may be he had !

I know a party that's forming to-day,
Made out of men that are loyal and brave :
They will sweep liquor taxes and tariffs away,
For they never will vote for a drinking old knave.
You see if they do ! you see if they do !
I don't say I *know*, but *you see* if they do !

ALCOHOL'S REQUIEM UPON PROF. P. F. K.,

A GIFTED MAN, WHO DIED A VICTIM TO STRONG DRINK.

HO ! ho ! Father Death ! I have won you another !
Another grand soul I have ruined and taken ;
I, who am licensed by good Christian people,
Eat and eat at their souls till by angels forsaken :
I spoil them, I soil them, and past all reclaiming
They fall, sick with sins that are too black for naming.

Ho ! ho ! Father Death ! count me as your best man :
I bring you more souls than famine or battle.
Let pestilence rage ! it will last but a season,
And the soft voice of Peace stills the cannon's loud
rattle ;
But I, pausing never, with ceaseless endeavour,
Night and day, day and night, I am toiling for ever.

Ho ! ho ! Father Death ! I have brought you my
thousands :
Good people help me, license, uphold me,
Gaze on some victim I stole from their household—
Gaze, and upbraid the foul demon that sold me.

Ah ! but they helped him—argued and voted
Till *license* was granted, and I was promoted.

Ho ! ho ! Father Death ! is he not a grand victim ?

I bring you souls that are well worth the winning—
Noble and brave, with the rare gifts of heaven ;

But I eat them away and pollute them with sinning.
Now, but for me, there would be few above him,
Honoured and prized by the dear ones who love him.

“BASS AND CO.’S BITTER BEER.”

Altered from “Ph. Best and Co.’s Lager Beer.”

IN every part of the thrifty town,
Whether my course be up or down,
In lane, and alley, and avenue,
Painted in yellow, and red, and blue,
This side and that, wherever you go,
Was this flaunting sign-board of “ Bass and Co.”

’Twas hung high up, and swung in the air
With a swaggering, bold-faced, “ devil-may-care-

It-is-none-of-your-business” sort of a way ;
Or, as if dreading the light o’ the day,
It hung low, over a basement-stair,
And seemed ashamed when you saw it there.

Or it shone like a wicked and evil eye
From a “restaurant” door on passers by,
And seemed with a twinkling wink to say :
“Are you downward bound ? Then step this way ;
This is the ticket-office of sin ;
If you think of purchasing, pray walk in.”

Or it glared from a window where the light
Of the lamps within shone full and bright,
And seemed to be saying, “Come out of the storm !
Come into my haven snug and warm ;
I will give you warmth from the flowing bowl,
And all I ask is your purse and soul.”

But whether on window, door, or stair,
Wherever I went, it was always *there* ;
Painted in yellow, and red, and blue,
It stared from alley and avenue :

North, south, east, west,—where'er you go,
Flows the *bitter* beer of Bass and Co.

And who is this Bass, do you stay to ask ?
Oh ! he is a man whose noble task
Is the brewing of beer—good beer, first-class—
That shall sparkle, and bubble, and boil in the glass :
Shall sparkle and flow till drank, and then
Feast like a vampire on brains of men.

Ah ! brewer Bass, when you pass from view,
Your name and your works will live after you.
Then, brothers, we'll raise a monument,
Inscribed, “ To the Brewer of Beer, that sent
A million of souls to the depths of hell ;
Turned genius and worth to the prison-cell ;

Stole bread from the mouth of the hungry child :
Made the father a brute, and the mother wild ;
Turned peaceful homes into hells, alas !
Oh ! a very great man was the brewer Bass.
O Bass ! when you have passed from view,
Your *name* and your *deeds* will live after you.”

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A MOTHER kneels by the cradle,
Where her little infant lies,
And she sees the ghastly shadows
Creeping around his eyes ;
And she clasps her hands together,
And her heart beats loud and wild,
And she cries in a gush of anguish,
“O Father ! save my child.

“Oh, do not, do not take him
So soon to the home on high ;
My beautiful, dark-eyed darling,
O God, he *must not* die.

I cannot pray in meekness
‘My Father’s will be done ;’
I can only cry in anguish,
‘Oh ! save my infant son.’”

Slowly the ghastly shadows
Crept from the baby’s eyes,
And the mother saw the bright orbs
Open in sweet surprise ;

And she heard the lisping prattle,
And the childish laugh again,
And she clasped him close to her bosom,
And her glad tears fell like rain.

The mother stands at the window,
Watching the night come down,
As it settles slowly, slowly
Over the busy town ;
And the withered face is troubled,
And she sighs in a weary way :
“ Oh ! where does my darling tarry,
Now at the close of day ?

“ Surely his task is ended :
Why is it he does not come ? ”
Ah ! mother, one word will answer,
And that one word is Rum.
He stands at the bar this moment,
Draining the tempter’s bowl ;
And your beautiful boy has entered
His name on the drunkards’ roll.

Ah ! well, your prayer was answered :

You prayed that he might not die,
That he might not join the angels

Who dwell in their home on high.

O mother ! say, is it better,

Or is it worse than death,
To see your darling stagger,

And feel his rum-foul breath ?

You could not pray, " My Father,

Thy will, not mine, be done ; "

But cried, in your deaf, blind sorrow,

" Oh ! save my infant son."

And is he saved, fond mother ?

And which is better, pray,

To know he is there in the rum-shop,

Or under the grass, to-day ?

O God of a mighty nation !

When shall the glad day be
That the liquor reign is ended,

And our land is truly free ?—

When our darling boys may wander
Through all its breadth and length,
With never a serpent lurking
To slay them in their strength ?

Full many a year has vanished
Since the grand triumphant day
When we stood in bold defiance
Of a tyrant monarch's sway ;
And now in a blood-red torrent,
At the price of a million graves,
We have swept the bonds and shackles
From the hands of a million slaves.

And yet we are under a tyrant,
And yet we are slaves to-day,
And we do not bid defiance
To the baleful liquor sway.
Up ! O ye mourning captives !
Strike at the tyrant's hand !
Loosen his hold for ever—
Deliver a bondaged land !

THE TEMPERANCE HARVEST.

WE have lingered by the flowers
And loitered all too long.

There is work for hands like ours—
Hands that are young and strong.

There is need of muscles steady—
And of willing hearts and true,
For the harvest fields are ready,
And the labourers are few.

Let us drop our wreaths of roses—
Let us leave this useless life ;

When another morn uncloses,
Let us seek the field of strife.

We will reap upon the meadows—
We will gather in the sheaves—
We will show, as evening shadows,
Better things than withered leaves.

Hark ! the hungry worms defy us,
Gnawing in the golden grain !

If we let this day go by us,
It will never come again.

Forward, then, each son and daughter,
For the harvest battle-field,
With your sickles of cold water,
Reap and bind, and never yield.

I can hear the roll of thunder
In the distance, far away ;
Onward, to the ripe fields yonder—
There is work for us to-day.
We must all unite together
In a grand and mighty one ;
Reap, and bind, defying weather,
Till the setting of the sun.

Bring your sickles—faster, faster !
Gather in the sheaves from harm ;
Know you not the gracious Master
Waits to take them to His arm ?
Workers, do you know your wages ?
'Tis for each a starry crown !
You shall wear it through all ages,
Where the light of heaven shines down.

Oh, the stars of brilliant glory,
That shall rich your diadem,
While the angels tell the story
Of the souls you brought to them.

Onward, to the field of labour !

God is pointing out the way ;
Join us, friend, and come, my neighbour,
There is work for you to-day.

Let the whole free air be singing,
Let the echoes rise and fall
With the songs that we are singing—
Songs of “down with Alcohol.”
Onward, then ! be firm and steady,
There is work for all to do,
For the harvest fields are ready,
And the labourers are few.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE REFORMATION OF A BRILLIANT AND TALENTED MAN.

OUT of the midnight, rayless and cheerless,
 Into the morning's golden light ;
Out of the clutches of wrong and ruin,
 Into the arms of truth and right ;
Out of the ways that are ways of sorrow,
 Out of the paths that are paths of pain,
Yea, out of the depths has a soul arisen,
 And "one that was lost is found again."

Lost in the sands of an awful desert,
 Lost in the region of imps accursed,
With bones of victims to mark his pathway,
 And burning lava to quench his thirst ;
Lost in the darkness, astray in the shadows ;
 Father above, do we pray in vain ?
Hark ! on the winds come gleeful tidings,
 Lo ! he was lost, but is found again.

Found ! and the sunlight of God's great mercy
 Dispels the shadows, and brings the morn ;

Found ! and the hosts of the dear Redeemer
Are shouting aloud o'er a soul new born,—
Plucked, like a brand, from the conflagration,
Cleaned, like a garment, free from stain,
Saved, pray God, for ever and ever ;
Lost for a season, but found again.

“ Out of the depths ” by the grace of heaven,
Out of the depth of woe and shame,
And he blots his name from the roll of drunkards,
To carve it again on the heights of fame.
“ Wine is a mocker, and strong drink raging : ”
Glory to God, he has snapped the chain
That bound him with fetters of steel and iron,
And he that was lost is found again.

Down with the cup, though it gleam like rubies ;
Down with the glass, though it sparkle and shine,
“ It bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder,”
There is woe, and sorrow, and shame in wine.
Keen though the sword be, and deadly its mission,
Three times its number the wine-cup has slain.
God, send Thy grace unto those it has fettered—
God grant the lost may be found again.

TICKETS TO SELL.

THERE'S a road all completed in perfect condition,
Running straight, with no turn, from the earth to
perdition ;

There are trains starting out every hour in the day,
With room for all souls that are going that way—
And the depôts are scattered broad-cast o'er the land.
There are men everywhere, who await your command,
With tickets to sell—tickets to sell ;
Tickets to ticket you through to hell.

There's a first-class ticket—a glass of “old wine ;”
And Bacchus smiles up from the “nectar divine.”
Drink it, drink it, young man ; it's a No. 1 pass !
It will carry you through to perdition first-class.
You will enter the palace car—ah ! but the *end*
Unto you and the street sot will be the same, friend.
Tickets—first, second, and third class—to sell ;
Tickets to ticket you through to hell.

Third and second—ale, whisky, rum, brandy, and beer
Cheap as dirt, come and buy ! they are all for sale here.

Are you troubled with baggage? No matter, you know,
It will lessen and lighten the farther you go.
Is the road safe? Yes, friend, buy a ticket, and you
Cannot fail of the station you're ticketed to.
Tickets to sell—tickets to sell;
Tickets to carry you through to hell.

Swift, swift from the high lands of peace, truth, and light;
Down, down through the marshes of mildew and blight;
Through the tunnels of sorrow, of terror, and pain;
Through the low lands of shame, and o'er poverty's plain;
Through crime, grief, and sin, to the valley of death,
Doth the engine speed down, with its hot scorching breath.
All aboard? Wait!—show me your ticket—'tis well;
It will carry you through to destruction and hell.

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A STANDS for Ale, a most poisonous drink;
People are foolish who taste it, I think.

B stands for Beer, that's as bad, if not worse;
Both prove to the drinker a ruin and curse.

C stands for Cider ; don't sip it, I pray,
For many a drunkard is made in that way.

D stands for Drop ; though but one's in the cup,
A bowlful may follow if you drink it up.

E stands for Earnings ; and many a man
Spends his in the beer-shop ; a very poor plan.

F stands for Fiend, and the worst fiend of all
Is the many-faced demon, old Alcohol.

G stands for Gutter, a wretched mud-hole,
Where men oft lie down who imbibe from the bowl.

H stands for Horror, the drunken man feels,
When, with "snakes in his boots," he staggers and reels.

I stands for Ills, with pains, poverty, woes,
That Alcohol carries wherever he goes.

J stands for Justice, a good thing no doubt,
Which the judge who drinks liquor knows nothing about.

K stands for Kindness ; a word which, I fear,
The men who sell liquor are too deaf to hear.

L stands for Lying : strong drink is a foe
To truth and to honour, as all people know.

M stands for Mourning ; all over our land
Alcohol makes it with his cruel band.

N stands for Nobles ; true nobles are they
Who battle this demon by night and by day.

O stands for Odious, which people become
When they make themselves barrels for brandy and rum.

P stands for Peace, which is certain to fly
When riotous Alcohol's huts are near by.

Q stands for Quantity ; little or much,
Strong drink is a thing you had better not touch.

R stands for Rowdy, Rumseller, and Riot :
Prohibition will give them all three a new diet.

S stands for Silly ; the drunkard is that
When he goes reeling home with a brick in his hat.

T stands for Trials, that make up the life
Of the drunkard's poor children and sad-hearted wife.

U stands for Use ; it's a very good word,
But the use of strong liquors is simply absurd.

V stands, I suppose, for the harmless grape-vine :
God gave us the fruit, but men make the wine.

W stands for Wickedness, Wailing, and Woes ;
They are all in the wine-cup the drunkard well knows.

X stands for—well, really, I do not know what,
But it crosses its legs like a drunken old sot.

Y stands for Yield, and old Alcohol must,
For we soldiers will humble him down in the dust.

Z stands for Zero—zero for naught,
Naught (o) stands for nothing ;
And that is just what

Boys find in their pockets who tipple and drink :
It's a very bad habit, I certainly think.

—

WORDS FROM THE WIND.

I CALLED to the wind of the Winter,
As he sped like a steed on his way,
“ Oh ! rest for awhile on thy journey,
And answer these questions, I pray.

“ Who is the foe to all virtue,
Who is the chieftain of crime ?
Who blackens the forehead of beauty,
And cheateth the finger of Time ?
Who maketh the heart to be aged
In the beautiful morning of youth ?

“ Who is the herald of sorrow,
And who the assassin of Truth ?
Who is the help-meet of Satan,
The agent of regions below ?
Who the promoter of vices ?
Who loadeth the bosom with woe ?
Who stealeth the strength of the mighty ?
Who stealeth the wits of the wise ?
Who maketh the good and the noble
A thing that the meanest despise ?

And the wind of the wild Winter answered,
In a voice like a clarion call :
“ ’Tis a beast legion-headed, a demon
Whom men christened ‘ King Alcohol.’
This is the help-meet that Satan
Sends out from the kingdom of hell,
A many-faced demon, who doeth
The work of the master right well ;
For he weaveth his web round the noble,
And slayeth the soul with his breath.
Ah ! this is the foe to all virtue,
And this is the agent of death.”

A TUMBLER OF CLARET.

I POURED out a tumbler of Claret,
Of course with intention to drink,
And, holding it up in the sunlight,
I paused for a moment to think.
I really can’t tell you what made me ;
I never had done so before,

Though for years, every day at my dinner,
I had emptied one tumbler or more.

“A friend” in the loneliest hours,
“A companion,” I called the red wine,
And sometimes I poetised slightly,
And called it a “nectar divine.”
But to-day, as I gazed at the claret,
That sparkled and glowed in the sun,
I asked it, “What have you done for me,
That any true friend would have done ?

“You have given me some pleasant feelings,
But they always were followed by pain ;
You have given me ten thousand headaches,
And are ready to do it again.
You have set my blood leaping and bounding,
Which, though pleasant, was hurtful, no doubt,
And, if I keep up the acquaintance,
I am sure you will give me the gout.

“I remember a certain occasion,
When you caused me to act like a fool ;

And, yes, I remember another
When you made me fall into a pool.
And there was Tom Smithers—you killed him !
Will Howard you made a poor knave ;
Both my friends ! and I might count a *dozen*
You have sent to the prison or grave.

“ Is this like a loyal friend’s treatment ?
And are you deserving the name ?
Say ! what do you give those who love you
But poverty, sorrow, and shame ?
A few paltry moments of pleasure,
And ages of trouble and grief.
No wonder you blush in the sunlight,
You robber, you liar, you thief !

“ I will have nothing more to do with you
From this moment, this hour, this day ;
To send you adrift, bag and baggage,
I know is the only safe way.”
And I poured out that tumbler of claret,
Poured it *out*, and not *down*, on the spot ;
And all this, you see, was accomplished
By a few sober moments of thought.

WHAT WE WANT.

WE have scores of Temperance men,
Bold and earnest, brave and true,
Fighting with the tongue and pen,
And we value what they do ;
But, my friends,
To gain our ends,
You must use the ballot, too.

When we tell about our cause,
Politicians only smile ;
While they mould and make our laws,
What care they for rank or file ?
“ Preach and pray,”
They sneer, and say,
“ We’ll make liquor laws the while.”

We want men who dare to fling
Party ties and bonds away ;
Who will cast them off, and cling
To the TRUTH, and boldly say,
“ Vote and fight
For God and right,”
Then our cause shall gain the day.

THE TWO ARMIES.

ONCE, over the ocean, in distant lands,
In an age long past, were two hostile bands—
Two armies of men, both brave, both strong,
And their hearts beat high as they marched along
To fight the battle of right and wrong.

Never, I think, did the Eye of heaven
Look down on two armies so nearly even
In well-trained soldiers, in strength and might.
But one was the *Wrong*, and one was the *Right*,
And the last was the stronger in heaven's sight.
And these hostile armies drew near, one night,
And pitched their tents on two hill-sides green,
With only the brow of a hill between.

With the first red beams of the morning light
Both knew would open the awful fight,
And one of the armies lay hushed and still,
And slept in the tents on the green side-hill.
Heart beat with heart : and they all were as one
In the thought of the battle to be begun
With the first bright glance of the morning sun.

Their aim was ignoble, their cause was wrong,
But they were *united*, and so they were strong.

Not so the army just over the hill :
While the ranks of the foe were hushed and still,
The ranks of the *Right* were torn with strife,
And with noise and confusion the air was rife.
Disputes and quarrels, dissensions and jars,
And the sound of fighting, and civil wars ;
And, ere the morning, brother and brother,
Instead of the enemy, fought with each other.

Over the hill, the foe, in glee,
Listened and laughed. "Ho, ho !" quoth he,
"There is strife in the enemy's ranks, I see,
And the bright red beams of the rising sun
Will see a victory easily won.

It matters little how strong the foe,
This is a truth we all do know :
There is no success without unity,
However noble the cause may be.
The day is ours before it's begun :
Ho ! for the triumph so easily won."

And on the morrow, the ranks of the Right
Were routed and beaten, and put to flight,
And the Wrong was the victor, and gained the fight.

There are two armies abroad to-day,
As in the age that has passed away :
The makers, and venders, and patrons, and all
Who aid in the traffic of Alcohol,—
These are the warriors, bold and strong,
Who swell the ranks of the army of Wrong ;
And we are the soldiers, true and brave,
Who are striving with heart and hand to save
The youths of our land from the deep, dark grave
That the foe is digging by day and by night.
Only *one thing* can defeat the Right.

There is nothing *but* triumph for us, unless
Dissension,—that crafty foe to success,—
Creeps into our ranks. Oh ! let us *unite* !
Let heart beat with heart as we enter the fight ;
Let the whole mighty army be *one* for the time,
And sweep on the foe in a column sublime
In its unity, earnestness, oneness, and might,
Till the foe stands aghast at the wonderful sight,

Till the enemy cowers and shivers, afraid
Of the awful approach of the grand cavalcade.
Close up the ranks, brothers ! sisters, draw near,
We are fighting one fight, we are all kinsmen here ;
Closer, still closer ! in nearness lies might,
Love is our watchword—on to the fight !

THE TWO GLASSES.

THERE stood two glasses, filled to the brim,

On a rich man's table, rim to rim :

One was ruddy, and red as blood,

And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,

“ Let us tell tales of the past to each other.

I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,

And the proudest and grandest souls on earth

Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight,

Where I was king, for I ruled in might.

“ From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,

From the heights of fame I have hurled men down ;

I have blasted many an honoured name,
I have taken virtue, and given shame ;
I have tempted the youth, with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.

“ Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail ;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before me fall,
And my might and power are over all.
Ho ! ho ! pale brother,” laughed the wine,
“ Can you boast of deeds as great as mine ? ”

Said the water glass, “ I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host ;
But I can tell of hearts, that once were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad ;
Of thirsts I’ve quenched, and brows I’ve laved,
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I’ve saved.
I’ve leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain ;

Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain ;
I have burst my cloud fetters, and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will ;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid ;
I set the chained wine captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they stood together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table rim to rim.

IS IT WELL?

SAW you the youth, with the face like the morning,
 Refilling the glass, that foamed white as the sea ?
 Heard you the words that fell down like a warning,
 “ Lift not the glass : it holds sorrow for thee ?”

He heeds not nor listens :
 The red liquor glistens,
 And he sees not the fangs of the serpent beneath.
 And the fiends are elated,
 And the voice waileth “ Fated,”
 As he drains out the glass—the dumb agent of death.

High had he set his mark : fame, wealth, and glory,
 All should be his ere the noon-tide of life ;
 A name that should live in the annals of story,
 His was a heart that could battle with strife.

“ Here’s to youthful endeavour !”
 He cries. “ Ah ! for ever
 Shall the ruddy glass cheer me on life’s rugged way.
 There is strength for all trouble
 In each airy bubble.
 Who dares prate of danger and sorrow, I pray ?”

Where is the youth with the face like the morning ?

Where are the hopes that glowed bright as the noon ?
He who had heard and obeyed not the warning,

Oh ! has he reaped the dire harvest so soon ?

He quaffed, all unheeding
The small voice's pleading,

And he lieth to-night in a dark prison cell.

This is his glory,
The name carved in story ;

This has the red glass done. Say, is it well ?

ORIGIN OF THE LIQUOR DEALER.

THE devil in hell gave a festival,
And he called his imps from their wine—
Called them up from the ruddy cup,
And marshalled them into line.

And each to his place sprang the imps apace,
And they stood there, side by side.

“ Now, listen well, O ye hosts of hell !
And mark me,” the devil cried.

“ There is work to do for all of you,
Held for this night in store ;
Then stir up the fire, till it burneth higher
Than ever it did before.
When the coals glow hot, set ye the pot
Half full of the best brimstone,
And three of the worst and most accursed
Hell claimeth as its own.
Of demons bring, when the pot shall sing,
And cast them into the boil.”
Then over the region scattered the legion
Away to the fiendish toil.

They work with a will, and they work until
Three imps are a-boil in the pot ;
And the devil stands, and stirs with his hands
The liquid, seething hot ;
And the demons revel around the devil
With many a fiendish shout,
Till he cries, “ Ho, ho !” and the demons go
And turn the liquid out.

Turn it in, to a lake of gin,
Where the devil bathes, to cool ;
Then lift it up, and turn on a cup
Of wine they dip from a pool.
Then they dip it in ale, till it turneth pale,
In beer, till it gloweth red.
It ? nay, HE ! for the thing they see
Is a *man*, from heel to head.

And he claps the hands of the devil who stands
Bowing before his face,
And he says, “ Dear friend, will you please to send
A lad to show me my place ? ”

And the devil winks sly : and he says, “ Ay, ay !
Old fellow, I guess you’ll do ;
You can work more wrong with that oily tongue
Than all my malicious crew.

“ You must go to the earth ! In th’ halls of mirth,
In the teeming city’s heart—
In any place that you show your face
I will help you do your part.

“I will give you a name—it is steeped in shame,
But the world will use you well.
It is ‘Liquor Dealer.’ It means *soul stealer*,
And Major-General of Hell.

“Go forth, my friend, and work to the end,
I will pay you in gleaming gold ;
For every soul you drown in the bowl
I will give you wealth untold.”

Then forth he went, this fiend hell-sent,
And he doeth his work to-day—
Doeth it well ; and the hosts of hell
Are singing his praise alway.

IN THE NIGHT.

IN the silent midnight watches,
When the earth was clothed in gloom,
And the grim and awful darkness
Crept unbidden to my room—

On the solemn, deathly stillness
Of the night, there broke a sound,
Like ten million wailing voices
Crying loudly from the ground.

From ten million graves came voices,
East and West, and North and South,
Leagues apart, and yet together
Spake they, e'en as with one mouth :
“ Men and women ! men and women ! ”
Cried these voices from the ground,
And the very earth was shaken
With the strange and awful sound—

“ Ye who weep in selfish sorrow,
Ye who laugh in selfish mirth,
Hark ! and listen for a moment
To the voices from the earth :
Wake and listen ! ye who slumber,
Pause and listen ! ye who feast,
To the warning of the voices
From the graves in West and East.

“ We, the victims of a demon,
 We who, one and each and all,
Can cry out before high heaven,
 ‘ We are slain by alcohol ! ’—
We would warn you, youths and maidens,
 From the path that we have trod—
From the path that leads *to* ruin,
 And *away* from peace and God.

“ We, the millions who have fallen,
 Warn you from the ruddy glow
Of the wine in silver goblets,
 For *destruction* lies below.
Wine and gin, and rum and brandy,
 Whisky, cider, ale, and beer,
These have slain us and destroyed us—
 These the foes that brought us here.

“ ‘ You are safe,’ you say. Ah, heaven !
 So *we* said, and drank, and died.
‘ We are safe ! ’ we proudly boasted,
 Yet we sank down in the tide.

There is never any safety
From the snares of alcohol
For the youth who looks on liquor,
Tastes or touches it at all.

“ We beseech you, men and women,
Fathers, mothers, sons, and wives,
To arise, and slay the demon
That is threatening dear ones’ lives !
Do not preach of *moderation*
To your children ; for, alas !
There is not a foe more subtle
Than the fateful ‘ social glass.’

“ Thoughtless mother, wife, or sister,
Dash that poison cup away !
He, the husband, son, or brother
Who so gaily sips to-day,
May to-morrow stagger homeward,
Jeered and scorned by sober men.
Would you smile upon him proudly—
Would you say, ‘ I did it,’ then ?

“ Ah ! a vast and mighty number
Of the drunkards in all lands
Take the first step to destruction
Led by white and fragile hands.
Every smile you give the wine-cup,
Every glance, O lady fair !
Like a spade, digs down and hollows
Out a drunkard’s grave somewhere.

“ Men in office, men in power,
Will you let this demon wild
Stalk unfettered through the nation,
Slaying woman, man, and child ?
Oh ! arouse, ye listless mortals,
There is work for every one !
We have warned you of your danger—
We have spoken, we have done.”

Round about me fell the silence
Of the solemn night once more,
And I heard the quiet ticking
Of the clock outside my door.

It was not a dreamer's fancy,
Not a romance of my brain,
But the warning of the victims
That old Alcohol had slain.

THE DIRGE OF THE WINDS.

THE four winds of earth, the North, South, East,
and West,
Shrieked and groaned, sobbed and wailed, like the soul
of unrest.

I stood in the dusk of the twilight alone,
And heard them go by with a terrible moan.
“What is it, O winds ! that is grieving you so ?
Come, tell me your sorrow, and tell me your woe !”
“What is it ?” I questioned. They shuddered, and said :
“We mourn for the dead ! oh, we mourn for the dead—
“For the dishonoured dead that the wine-cup has slain ;
For the wrecks that are lying on hill and on plain ;
For the beautiful faces, so young and so fair,
That are lying down under the green grasses there ;

For the masterful minds and beautiful souls
That were shattered, and drowned, and debased in the
bowls ;
For the graves that are scattered broadcast o'er the
land,
The graves that were dug by King Alcohol's hand ;
For the scenes that we saw as we came on our way,
The sights and the sounds that degraded the day.
East and West, North and South, the tale is the same—
A tale of debasement, and sorrow, and shame.
And this is our sorrow, and this is our woe :
It is this, it is this, that is grieving us so."

Three winds hushed their voices. The East wind alone
Told her tale in a moaning and sorrowful tone :
" I came yesterday from the great Eastern land,
Where the mountains are high and the cities are grand ;
But the devil walks there, night and day, in the streets,
And he offers red wine to each soul that he greets.
They drink, and the record of crimes and of sins,
And the record of shame and of sorrow begins.
I sped from the sin-burdened East to the West,
But I find not of balm for my agonised breast.

Wine blackens the West as it blackens the East.”
And the voice of the wind sobbed and wailed as it
ceased.

“I come from the West !” another voice cried,
“Where the rivers are broad, and the prairies are wide.
There is vigour and strength in that beautiful land,
But the devil walks there with a bowl in his hand,
And the strongest grow weak, and the mightiest fall
In the damnable reign of this King Alcohol.”

He ceased, and another came mournfully forth,
And spake : “I came from the land of the North,
Where the streamlets are ice and the hillocks are snow,
And little of passions in mortal veins flow.
But the devil walks there in that land, day and night,
And he covers his face with a mask that is white ;
And he smiles as he pours out the wine for his prey,
Nor counts up the legions he kills every day.”

The voice of the South wind spoke now in a sigh :
“And I, too, can tell of the thousands that die
By the hand of this king, in the soft, southern clime,
Where the sweet waters flow in a musical chime.

The devil walks there by King Alcohol's side,
And he pours out the wine till it flows in a tide ;
It rushes along with a gurgling sound,
And thousands are caught in the current and drowned."

Again the four winds cried aloud in their woe :
" It is this, it is this, that is grieving us so.
We see the mad legions go down to the grave,
Unable to warn them, unable to save,
We shriek and we groan, we shudder in pain,
For the souls that are lost, for the youths that are slain ;
And the river flows onward, the river wine-red,
And we mourn for the dead, oh ! we mourn for the
dead."

"ONE WAS TAKEN, AND ONE WAS LEFT."

TWO harvesters walked through the rows of
corn,
Down to the ripe wheat fields, one morn.
Both were fair, in the flush of youth,
With hearts of courage and eyes of truth—

Fair and young, with the priceless wealth
Of strength, and beauty, and glowing health.

Loud and clear was their mellow song
On the morning air, as they strode along ;
And the reaper clashed on its yellow track,
And the song of the driver answered back
To the harvesters, as they bound the wheat
That sheaf on sheaf lay at their feet.

High rose the sun o'er the golden plain,
And the binders rested by the grain,
And sitting there, 'neath a friendly shade,
Each quenched the thirst that their labour made ;
But one drank from the water mug,
And the other from the whisky jug.

Back to their tasks went the binders twain,
Binding the sheaves of the yellow grain,
On sped the reaper, to and fro
Slaying the wheat with a cruel blow,
Leaving it slaughtered, rank on rank—
And again the binders paused and drank.

Higher and hotter rose the sun :
On sped the moments, one by one,
And again the binders stopped and quaffed
From the mug and the jug a cooling draught ;
And slowly, slowly they bound the wheat
As the sun shone down with its scorching heat.

Slower, still slower, one youth goes round :
He falls—he lieth upon the ground.
A cry for help, and the workmen come
And carry their stricken comrade home.
“ And one is taken, and one is left.”
Weepeth the mother, “ I am bereft.”

One youth alone, on another morn,
Walks to the field through the rows of corn.
He who drank of the sparkling tide
Walketh still in his manhood’s pride ;
But he who drank from the jug lies low,
Dead, in the morn of his manhood’s glow.

WERE I MAN GROWN.

WERE I man grown, I'd stand
With a clean heart, soul, and hand,
An honour to this land.

I would be good and true :
I would not *smoke* and *chew*
As many grown men do.

Tobacco is foul stuff :
Hogs root it from the trough,
And serve it right enough.

I wish I'd every seed
And plant of that bad weed,
I'd make a fire indeed !

And these two lips of mine
Should never *taste* of *wine*,
Though it might glow and shine.

No wine, no beer, no gin,
No ale, no rum—with in
Each drink lurk shame and sin.

And I'd not swear. Ah ! when
We boys grow into men,
You'll see true manhood then :

For we shall be and do
Just what I've said ; and you
Had better try it, too.

THE "COMING MEN."

(*For Juvenile Temple Recitation.*)

HURRAH ! for the good time coming,
When the boys of to-day are men !
Do you think you'll find them idling,
An army of loafers, then ?

Do you think on every corner
They'll hang as men do to-day,
And smoke, and stare at the women
And girls who pass that way ?

No ! *We* are the men that are coming—
We, the cold water band ;
And we shall not grow into loafers,
I'd have you to understand.

We are ashamed of the idlers,
Ashamed of them, one and all ;
And we scorn cigars and tobacco,
And we *hate* old Alcohol.

They call us the *little* children,
When they see us passing by ;
But if we are not nearer manhood
Than they, I'll ask you, Why ?

It is purity, truth, and honour
That build up a manly man ;
Now which of us secures the title ?—
Just tell me if you can.

Do you think you'll find us sneaking
Behind a painted screen,
Ashamed of the place we enter,
And hoping we shan't be seen ?

Yet this is the way these *men* do ;
But I'd have you understand
That *we* set a better example—
We, the cold water band.

A WORD OF WARNING.

I WOULD say to the youths of our noble land,
The youths who must one day take command
Of our glorious nation in all its might,
I would say to them all, through the pen to-night,
Whatever their station, or high, or low,
Whatever they do, and wherever they go,
As they value their lives, let them shun the brink
Where thousands go down on the rocks of Drink.

If they would be *men*, as the grand word stands,
Men with clean hearts, and untarnished hands,
If they would have honour, and name, and wealth,
If they would be strong with the strength of health,
If they would win glory, or praise, or fame,
Let them turn from the pathway that leads to shame,—

If they value their honour, or love their God,
Let them shun the road that the drunkard has trod.

I know of the palaces, fair to the sight,
Where wine sparkles clear in the chandeliers' light,
I know of white hands, that are lifting, alas !
To lips scarcely bearded, the poisonous glass ;
I know how young blood flushes hot to the brain—
How caution is lost when excitement has reign,
And I send forth my warning to one and to all—
Turn, turn from the dangers of Fiend Alcohol.

“ Wine is a mocker,” and drink leads to death,
It blackens the soul, while it taints the breath ;
It blunts the conscience, and reddens the nose,
’Tis the slayer of peace, and the breeder of woes ;
And so to the youths who are perilled to-night,
I write what I know, and I pray as I write,
“ God help these Thy tempted ones—strengthen Thine
own,
Though the wine sparkles bright, may they let it alone.”



THE TEST.

WHEN the west grew red, and the sun's bald
head

Dipped into a sea of gold,
My love came down from the busy town,
Came down like a knight of old,
On a steed sloe-black, whose fiery track
I saw through the gloom afar
As on he came, with his hoofs aflame,
Like the trail of a falling star.

And my love drew rein at the lattice pane,
And he sprang to my side in glee ;
And he cried, " Complete is the world, my sweet,
In this twilight hour with thee."
And he held me fast, and he said, " At last
I claim thee as mine—all mine."
But I turned my face from my love's embrace,
For the dew on his lips was *wine*.

And I cried, " My love, by the stars above,
I will wed not, last or first,

With the princeliest man, be he under the ban,
Be he slave to the liquor thirst."

And he cried, "How now!" But I said, "My vow
Is registered high in heaven;
It is *me* or the cup—you must give one up,
And now is my answer given."

My love plead long; but he found me strong
In the words he had heard me say;
And he cried in wrath, "You may keep your path,
And I will keep mine alway."

There are maids as fair, who will gladly share
My lot and my cup of wine;
And the ruddy glow of our cheeks shall show
That it harms not me or mine."

Then he mounted his steed, and he rode indeed
Like a knight of the old crusade;
And he wedded soon, e'er the fall o' the moon,
A queenly and haughty maid;
And he drank up his health, and drank up his wealth,
And his youth, and strength and grace,
And now bereft, he has nothing left
But a bloated, hideous face.

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

THOUGH you see no banded army,
Though you hear no cannons rattle,
We are in a mighty contest,
We are fighting a great battle.
We are few, but we are right,
And we wage the holy fight
Night and day, and day and night.

If we do not fail or falter,
If we do not sleep or slumber,
We shall win in this great contest,
Though the foe is twice our number.
This the burden of our song,
“We are few, but we are strong,
And right *must* triumph over wrong.”

O my sisters ! O my brothers !
There is death all round about us.
Must we, then, sit down disheartened ?
Will you let the wine-cup rout us ?

Hear the drunkard's awful wail !
See the mourners, bowed and pale !
Will you, cowardly, say "fail?"

Say not that your heart is with us
When you do not help or aid us.
All who love the cause sincerely
Can do something. God has made us
Tongues to talk with : you can say
Something, if you will, each day,
That will help us on our way.

Though you are not highly gifted,
Though you are not bard or poet,
Though you cannot preach or lecture,
You can love the cause, and show it
Boldly, in each thing you do.
Seeking all that's pure and true,
This will be a help from you.

You can say the liquor traffic
Is a curse to any nation ;
You can say that prohibition
Is a blessing and salvation.

Drops of Water.

You can sow good seeds, and, though
You may never see them grow,
They will not be lost, I know.

In this mighty temperance contest,
Where no guns or cannons rattle,
Though you cannot lead the army
Or be chieftain of the battle,
With that mighty sword, the *tongue*,
You can fight against the wrong,
You can sing some temperance song.

Say not that you cannot aid us !
Drops of water make the river—
Make the mighty Mississippi,
That flows on and on for ever.
Every word you say for *Right*
Gives us courage, gives us might,
And brings nearer, morn and night.

OLDER THAN YOU.

WE are younger in *years*! Yes, that is true ;
But in *some* things we are older than you.
For instance, you sometimes say with a smile,
“ It will do to drink wine once in a while.”
We say, “ It will not do *at all*!”
Wine is an imp of old Alcohol.
So are gin and beer, and cider, too.
If you drink up *them*, they will eat up *you*.

“ *Cider* is not strong drink,” you say.
Ah ! but, my friend, it opens the way
For brandy and whisky to follow fast.
It has done it many a time in the past.
It tempts and teases the appetite.
Let it alone, boys, keep to the right ;
Onward and upward we mean to go ;
Heaven is reached that way, you know.

People who drink are behind the time ;
They are black with darkness, and woe, and crime.
This age is *progressive*. You people who drink,
Though ever so little, just pause and *think*—

Think of the anguish that liquor makes ;
Think of the hearts that it burdens and breaks.
Let it alone : stop drinking *to-day*—
This is what we, the children, say.

ONE WOMAN'S MEMORY.

HERE is a lock of his soft, dark hair,
And here are the letters he wrote to me ;
And the ring of gold that I used to wear
Is here in the casket—see !
I put them away ten years ago.
“ What is it,” you ask, “ did I love in vain ?
Was my lover unfaithful ? ” No, oh ! no.
My heart was spared *that* pain.

He died in the bloom of his manhood's youth.
You say I have his memory, friend ;
That he is not dead, but lives, in truth ;
Wait till you hear the end.

Death in itself is a little thing,
It is only passing from *here* to *there* ;
But a death of *shame* has a bitter sting
That makes it hard to bear.

He was good and true as a man could be,
Noble and pure, when I loved him first ;
But all of his race were cursed, you see,
With a fiery, craving thirst,
And the tempter, morning and noon and night,
Was placed in his path by a mother's hand.
The woe of wine, and its blasting blight,
She did not understand.

I did not know, or I did not think,
Of the awful shame that was hidden there
When I saw him lift the glass, and drink
To the health of his "lady fair."
I knew, and I thought when it was too late ;
I reached out my hands, but I could not save.
He hurried on to his fearful fate,
And sank in a drunkard's grave.

He was good, and kind, and true, but *weak*
When the ruby wine danced o'er the brim ;
And woe is me that I did not speak
One warning word to him !
If I had but told him to cast away,
To touch not and taste not the mocker, wine,
I need not have felt as I feel to-day
That *blood* stains these hands of mine.

O ye who have friends on the awful brink
That hangs o'er the river of ruin and death !
When you see them lift the glass, oh ! think
Of the jaggèd rocks beneath.
Reach out a hand ere the deed is done ;
Send forth a cry in the dear Lord's name ;
Oh ! stand not aloof while a precious one
Speeds down to a grave of shame.

IN MEMORIAM.

[A tribute to the memory of Thurlow W. Brown, who devoted his life to the cause of temperance, and whose truly marvellous labours and sacrifices for that cause are but half understood or appreciated.]

LOOKING some papers over,
Dusty and dim and old,
I found some words that thrilled me
With their ring of genuine gold—
Words that were better than rubies,
And they stirred me even to tears,
For the hand that wrote them has rested
Under the sod for years.

O name to be spoken softly !
O sainted Thurlow Brown !
The world lost one of its heroes
When he dropped the cross for the crown.
And the cause he loved and fought for
Lost more than my tongue can tell,
For he left no soul behind him
That could do the work so well.

When I think of his mighty labours,
My own seem weak and vain,
And I know that his place in the vineyard
Can never be filled again.
But the burning words that he uttered,
Or that dropped like coals from his pen,
Shall live for ever and ever
In the hearts and minds of men,

O God ! if spirits do ever
Come down from heaven on high,
Let the spirit of this great hero
Sometimes be hovering nigh ;
And give him the power to guide us
In all that we do or say
For the cause he loved and fought for.
Oh ! grant it, Lord, I pray.

HAUNTED.

WHAT are these nameless mysteries,
These subtleties of life and death,
That bring before our spirit eyes
The loved and lost ; or, like a breath
Of lightest air, will touch the cheek,
And yet a wordless language speak ?

In every breeze that blows to-day,
One voice seems speaking unto me ;
And north or south, whichever way
I turn my gaze, one face I see,
And closely, closely at my side
A mystic shadow seems to glide.

A motley crowd we move among,
We surge on with the mighty mass,
And yet no one in all the throng
Looks strangely on us as we pass.
No eye but mine own seems to see
The nameless thing that walks by me.

I cannot touch a proffered hand
But this strange shadow glides between.
Why came he from the spirit land ?
What brought him from the world unseen ?
Why am I troubled and oppressed
By the vague presence of my guest ?

He was my friend ! I should rejoice !
I loved him once ! Why do I fear ?
And yet I shudder as his voice
Speaks in the wind. I feel him near,
This restless spirit of the dead,
And shiver with a nameless dread.

I loved him once ; he was my friend ;
He held the first place in my heart,
And might have held it to the end,
But our two ways spread wide apart :
I kept the path upon the hill,
And he went down and down, until
He reached the depths of sin and shame,
And died as sots and drunkards die.
I ceased to even speak his name.
God knows I never thought that I,

Who blamed his lack of moral strength,
Might answer for his fall, at length !

O restless dead, lost friend of mine !

I *might* have saved you, had I tried.
I saw you lift the glass of wine,
And, seeing, had I warned you, cried,
“Touch not, taste not the drink accursed !”
I *might* have saved you from the thirst

That swallowed up your brain and soul.

But nay ! I scorned you when you fell,
And, looking upward to *my* goal,
Left you to stagger down to hell.
Accusing spirit of the dead,
Your presence fills my heart with dread !

SLAIN.

HOLLOW a grave where the willows wave,
And lay him under the grasses,
Where the pitying breeze bloweth up from the seas,
And murmurs a chant as it passes.

Lay the beautiful face and the form of grace
Away from the gaze of mortal ;
Let us hope that his soul has gained the goal
Over the shining portal.

Hope ! Ah ! we thrill with a terrible chill.
Ah ! pen, can you tell the story
Of the one who died in his manhood's pride,
Slain in the morn of his glory ?

There's a blemish of shame on the dear one's name,
For he died as the drunkard dieth ;
The ruddy wine-mug was the fiend who dug
The grave where our darling lieth.

O God ! and his soul, was it lost in the bowl ?
Has it gone where the wicked goeth ?
Shall *he* bear the sin, and the tempter go in
Where the beautiful city gloweth ?

Hush ! O my heart ! act well thy part,
Nor question a Father's kindness,
And strive not to see the thing hid from thee
By a veil of earthly blindness.

But all through the wine may there shimmer and
shine,
As it glimmers and glows in the glasses,
A coffin and grave, and the willows that wave
Over our dead 'neath the grasses.

ARISE.

WHY sit ye idly dreaming all the day,
While the golden, precious hours flit away ?
See you not the day is waning, waning fast ?
That the morn's already vanished in the past ?

When the glowing noon approaches, we will rest
Who have worked through all the morning ; but at best,
If you work with zeal and ardour till the night,
You can only make the wasted moments right.

Think your life was made for dreaming, nothing more,
When God's work lies all unfinished at your door ?
Souls to save and hearts to strengthen—ah ! such work,
Such a richly freighted labour, who would shirk ?

Then arise, O idle dreamer ! Dreams are sweet,
But better flowers are growing at your feet.
If you crush, or pass unheeding, idle friend,
You shall answer for their ruin in the end.

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE GOOD TEMPLARS' ORDER REPLIED TO.

I AM a Templar through and through,
I And proudly wear the title, too.
You, sir, or madam, may reply
“ You’re just as temperate as I !
You like the principles we teach
(If we but practise what we preach),
And you will help us, heart and hand.”
Then come, I say, and join our band.

But, “ No—you’d rather not, because
We’re bound by secret codes and laws.”
Now, friends, this secret is *so* small
It need not block your way at all.

I here must solemnly declare
We have *no* “goat” hid anywhere.
We keep no animal to ride—
And no greas’d pole down which we slide.

Nor do we keep a tub of water
In which to douse each son and daughter.
We neither freeze nor fry our members,
Nor give them seats on glowing embers.
We meet to plan a course of action
Against the mighty liquor faction ;
To aid and strengthen one another,
Each knowing each a friend and brother.

And simply to avoid intrusion,
We guard ourselves by this seclusion.
Like soldiers, we’ve a counter-sign
That all must give who pass the line ;
A whispered word, a harmless grip,
That proves the right to fellowship.
This constitutes our “secret” dread
O’er which you sigh, and shake your head.

Now, this objection done away,
I reach the next. You, madam, say
You'd join us, but for this one fact,—
“ ’Twould throw you in such close contact
With—well, with people quite below you ;
And those you'd rather should not know you.”
Madam, the way that leads to God,
Slaves' feet, as well as kings', have trod,

And Christ, who walked beside the sea,
Said to the *fisher* “ Follow Me.”
And forth they went, to preach God's word—
The humble fisher and our Lord.
And are you better, then, than he ?
Will you refuse to bend the knee
In church because across the aisle
Kneels one whose bonnet's out of style,

One who is ignorant and low,
And one you do not care to know ?
Refuse to battle for the right
Because so many *plebeians* fight ?

Or to labour for a soul's salvation
With those beneath your social station ?
Then what will you carry in your hand
When at the Master's face you stand ?

When humble souls lay golden sheaves,
Must you say, "Lord, I bring but leaves ?"
No treasure's bought without a price,
No gain without a sacrifice.
Where'er we go, or near, or far,
We find some things that fret and jar.
Madam, no more in this conviction.
Now, sir, I pass to *your* objection.

You say we've a glorious end in view:
You think our cause is just and true ;
You think our aim a noble one,
" But there's too much sparkling going on."
You think there's a deal of that done here,
From the way our boys and girls appear ;
And you say it should not be, because
We dedicate our hall to a *cause* !

A *holy* cause, and it is not right
To do love-making there each night.
Does my Christian friend remember still
An old brown church upon the hill ?
And how, each Sunday, his feet strayed thither
In spite of water, wind, or weather ?
How he sat through a sermon, long and dry,
With a beating heart and glowing eye,

Because he could see, in the choir above,
A gentle face he had grown to love ?
Does my friend remember when she glanced down
How the red blood stained his cheek of brown ?
Has he forgotten the doorway, where
He lingered till she came down the stair ?
How he walked by her side with little thought
Whether the sermon was fine or not,

And learned the sweetest lesson of youth
As he listen'd to God's great word of truth ?
So, if at lodge, Jane looks at Hal
Over the top of her ritual ;

If John clasps Jessie's finger tips
With something beside Good Templar grips ;
Or Tom, to the guard at the inner door,
Should whisper the password—and *something more*,

Why, where is the harm ? Methinks a wife
Might prove as true to a man through life
If courted in church, or in our hall,
As if he won her at rout or ball.

Away with objections ! Come, my friend,
And work with us to the glorious end.

Now is the time ! there is work to be done,
And westward, westward sinks the sun.

The Master calls, as the day grows dim—
Oh, where are the sheaves you should carry him ?

GOOD TEMPLARS' SONG.

AIR—“ OH, SUSANNAH ! ”

YE soldiers in the temperance cause,
Our work is but begun.
Oh ! sit not down in idleness
And think the field is won.

Our lambs are straying from the fold,
The wolves are on the track :
Oh ! can you sit and see them go,
Nor strive to bring them back ?

CHORUS : O Good Templars !
There's work for us to-day ;
Then gird your armour on again,
And only pause to pray.

Whichever way the eye may turn,
It sees the rum-shop stand
With open door and flowing bowl,
A viper in the land.
The grapes are hanging from the vines,
All ready for the press ;
Before, behind, on every side
Are seeds of drunkenness.

Our foes are all untiring,
But God is with the right,
And we will conquer at the last—
Then onward to the fight !

Aye, onward to the battle-field,
Each woman, child, and man !
King Alcohol shall yet go down
With all his demon clan.

IF.

If wine was banished from the earth,
How much of sorrow would be slain !
How much of misery and pain,
If wine was nowhere on the earth !

If rum was driven from the land,
How many tears would be unshed !
What bitter words would be unsaid,
If rum was nowhere in the land !

If in this weary world of ours
Foul whisky drinks were not distilled,
How many graves would be unfilled
In this strange, weary world of ours ?

If ale was nowhere to be found,
How much of sin would never be !
How much of woe and misery,
If ale was nowhere to be found !

Were all the liquor rivers dried,
This earth would be an Eden land,
With peace and joy on every hand,
Were all the liquor rivers dried.

O heaven ! speed the blessed day,
And send a mighty, scorching drouth,
And dry these streams from north to south.
O heaven ! speed the blessed day !

BREAKERS.

WHEN you launch your bark for sailing
On the sea of life, O youth !
Clothe your heart and soul and spirit
In the blessed garb of Truth.

Guard your every word and action :

Never do and never say

Aught you cannot meet with pleasure

On the mighty judgment day.

You will meet with rocks and breakers—

Cards and *wine* the most to fear ;

Do not pause nor linger by them,

For the devil lurketh near.

Cards and wine, the two great breakers

That have wrecked so many souls—

Wrecked and shattered, lost to heaven,

At the table—in the bowls.

O young man ! life is before you,

Shun the road that leads to death ;

God will guide you if you ask Him :

“Seek Me—here I am !” He saith.

Turn to Him in all temptations,

He will help and He will save ;

When you feel your courage failing,

He will make you strong and brave.

DON'T TEASE THE LION.

If you saw a lion
Not within a cage,
Would you tease and fret him
Till he roared in rage ?
Would you tempt his anger
And his savage power,
Knowing he could crush you,
Kill you, and devour ?

Yet I know some people
Who, morn and noon and night,
Tease and fret with *bitters*
The lion—appetite.
It matters not what ails them,
For each disease and all
They seem to think there's healing
In demon Alcohol.

So they fret the lion,
And anger him, until,
In his awful power,
He springs up to kill.

Let me warn you, children,
From this foolish way;
Do not tease the lion,
Nor tempt him any day.

Don't believe the doctors
If they say you need
Any wines or ciders ;
For there are, indeed,
Better cures, and safer,
Than these drinks, that slay
More than a hundred people
Without fail each day.

“GIVE US A CALL !”

[Suggested by seeing these words in a saloon advertisement.]

GIVE us a call ! We keep good beer,
Wine, and brandy, and whisky here ;
Our doors are open to boys and men,
And even to women, now and then.

We lighten their purses, we taint their breaths,
We swell up the column of awful deaths ;

All kinds of crimes

We sell for dimes *

In our sugared poisons, so sweet to taste !

If you've money, position, or name to waste,

Give us a call !

Give us a call ! In a pint of our gin

We sell more wickedness, shame, and sin

Than a score of clergymen, preaching all day

From dawn till darkness, could preach away ;

And in our beer (though it may take longer)

To get a man drunk than drinks that are stronger)

We sell out poverty, sorrow, and woe—

Who wants to purchase ? Our prices are low.

Give us a call !

Give us a call ! We'll dull your brains,

We'll give you headaches and racking pains,

We'll make you old while you yet are young,

To lies and slander we'll train your tongue,

* A dime is an American coin worth about $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. English money.

We'll make you a shirk
Of all useful work,
Make theft and forgery seem fair play,
And murder a pastime sure to pay.

Give us a call !

Give us a call ! We are cunning and wise,
We're bound to succeed ; for we advertise
In the *family papers* ! the journals that claim
To be pure in morals and fair of fame.
Husbands, brothers, and sons will read
Our kind invitation, and *some* will heed

And give us a call !

We *pay* for all
The space in the paper we occupy,—
And there's little in this life that money won't buy.

If you would go *down* in the world, and not *up*,
If you would be slain by the snake in the cup,
Or lose your soul
In the flowing bowl,—
If you covet shame
And a blasted name,
Give us a call !

DROP IN.

[Written after reading the notice of the opening of a new and splendid Beer Hall.]

DROP in ! our doors will be open,
 Invitingly, all through the day,
And after the shadows have fallen
 The gas light will show you the way.
You doubtless have noticed our sign-post—
 A model, they say, of its kind,
And everything else in accordance
 Within our apartments you'll find.
Drop in, on your way to the office,
 Ye business man, portly and grey ;
Forget for a moment that matter
 Which must be disposed of to-day.
Come, look through our splendid apartments,
 And try our delectable drink,
Be sure you have tested its merits,
 And then let us know what you think.
This “testing” will give you a headache,
 Your brain will be clogged with the beer,
And that business matter of import,
 Somehow, will be not at all clear.

You'll blunder, maybe, in your figures,
And throw a few thousands away,
No matter—it's what you contribute
In honour of Opening Day !

Drop in !

Drop in as you come up from dinner,
Young labourer, manly and strong ;
We are proud of our splendid apartments,
Look in as you're passing along.
We will give you a taste of our "nectar,"
That will bring you again on the morrow ;
We will sow the first seed in the furrow,
That shall grow to a harvest of sorrow.
To-day you are steady and honest,
And you hoard what you earn with a view
Of settling down in the autumn,
With somebody "tender and true ;"
But we'll waken a thirst that has slumbered,
It shall use up the earnings of years,
While the hopes and the dreams of a lifetime
Go down in an ocean of tears.

Home, happiness, honour and money,

Are all that we ask you to pay—

Are all that we wish you to give us

In honour of Opening Day !

Drop in !

Drop in as you come from the market,

Young countryman, give us a call ;

That money just placed in your pocket

We know very well is your all :

'Twas earned by the sweat of the forehead—

Now spend it in pleasure and ease.

Just enter our palace of splendours,

There is everything here that will please.

Bad habits are formed in an hour ;

The lesson of vice is soon learned ;

Once find the path pleasant and easy,

And we'll have the money you've earned.

You meant it to pay off the mortgage,

And free the farm wholly from debt,

And give the old people a homestead,

With less of work, worry, and fret.

Find happiness once in our presence,
 Think this an agreeable resort,
And the payments that now are made promptly
 Will soon become tardy, and short ;
The debts will increase, and the homestead
 At last will be taken away,
And the old folks left helpless and homeless—
 But then, this is Opening Day !

Drop in !

Drop in as you're passing, young husband !
 The woman who stands at the gate,
Impatient to give you a greeting—
 Don't think about her—she can wait.
No matter about the warm supper,
 That smokes in the oven, for you,
All ready to put on the table,
 Set with silver and china for two.
Drop into our palace a moment,
 And taste of this liquor and that,
And we'll send you home late in the evening
 With a very large brick in your hat.

The sweet little wife will be sobbing,
Alone with her terror and grief,
And your staggering step in the entry
Will not give her joy or relief.
A supper that's spoiled in the oven,
A cloud, over-hanging and grey,
A heart that is wounded and bleeding—
Your tributes to Opening Day !
Drop in !

Drop in, from the highway and hedges,
Irrespective of station or wealth ;
We will lay aside social distinctions,
And drink “ to your very good health.”
Like the well-to-do, plethoric spider,
Who put on no airs with the fly,
Albeit his palace was princely,
His station exalted and high ;
We, too, are inclined to be cordial
To poor little insects that roam ;
Like him we would show you our parlours,
And have you feel wholly at home.

'Tis the birth-place of sin and of sorrow,
Here good names are bartered away
For those of the loafer and drunkard,
And this is our Opening Day !
Drop in !

IS IT BEST ?

O MOTHER who sips sweetened liquors !
Look down at the child on your breast ;
Think, think of the rough path before him,
And ask yourself then, " Is it best ?
Shall I foster a love for this poison,
Instil the thirst into *his* veins ?
In the fountain he seeks at my bosom
Sow the rank seeds of death, grief, and pains ?

" Shall I give him the thirst of the drunkard,
Bequeath him the weapons of crime ?
Can we look for a glass of pure water
Dipped up from a fountain of slime ?

Can we look for brave men, strong and noble,
Where the parents drink poison for food?
When the body and soul are corrupted,
Can we look for the *works* to be good?"

Oh ! think of the future before him !
There are perils you cannot remove ;
Yet this, the great highway of sorrow—
Oh ! guard him from *this* with your love.
There are rough paths enough in the future
For the feet of the child on your breast ;
And lower the glass you are lifting,
And ask yourself, then, "Is it best?"

NEW YEAR.

THE New Year dawns again upon the earth,
And all our land re-echoes with its mirth.
From east to west, from north to south, we hear
The sounds of merriment and goodly cheer—
With feast and revelry, with dance and song,
The golden hours slip happily along,

And eyes are bright, and hearts are blithe and gay,
And all seems well upon this New Year Day.

Alas ! alas ! all is not well ; for, oh !
White hands will plant the seeds of sin and woe—
Fair maids, with smiles and glances half divine,
Will lift the muddy glass of poison wine
To manly lips, and plead of them to quaff,
And loud will grow the careless jest and laugh ;
And firm resolves, that gird up manly hearts
To brave the devil and withstand his arts,
Will fail before these fiends in form so sweet,
And they will drain the glass and think it meet.

O shame, too deep for tongue or pen to tell !
That woman opens wide the door of hell
For man to enter—woman, who should be
As true as truth and pure as purity.

But when they pass the drunkard in the street,
They lift their robes, lest they shall touch his feet,
And turn from him with scornful eye and lip,
Forgetting that perchance some maiden bade him sip—

Bade him with thrilling glance and tender tone,
Until the deadly habit, mighty grown,
Had mastered all his manhood, and he fell
Lower and lower to the depths of hell.

Go shout aloud fair woman's shame, O wind !
Tell it to nature, and to all mankind,
To hill and vale, and every forest tree,
To bird and beast, and to the mighty sea ;
And let them all unite and sing her shame,
Until, with streaming eyes and cheeks aflame,
She makes a vow, and calls on God to hear,
That evermore her record shall be clear,
And she, with all her strength, will strive to save,
Instead of aiding to the drunkard's grave.

WORK FOR WOMAN.

WOMAN, sitting at your ease,
In the midst of luxuries,
Bound by chains of selfishness,
With no aim but "how to dress,"

Does the thought ne'er come to you
Of the thing that you could do?

Could, and yet do not,
To crush out the liquor trade,
That is making, and has made,
Sin and shame, and woe and tears
In our land, for years and years—

Have you never thought?

You will chat for hours and hours
Over ribbons, silks, and flowers,
But you will not talk or think
Of this growing evil—drink.

You will weep and smile and laugh
Over trashy books of chaff,

But you will not read
Any truthful temperance tale.
“They are all so dry and stale—
Just the same old thing,” you say,
As you yawn, and turn away

From the truths you need.

You have time for rout, and ball,
Concert, theatre, and all
Lectures, save on this one theme.

“ Oh ! these temperance lectures seem
So extremely dull,” you cry,
With a listless air and eye.

O my friend ! forsake
That absorbing theme of DRESS,
Drop for once your selfishness,
Think of all there is to do !
See the work that waits for you !

Up ! arouse ! awake !

There are men for you to save
From the wretched drunkard’s grave.
There are feet that strayed away
Into paths of sin one day.
You can bring them, if you will,
To the paths upon the hill.

There’s enough to do !

There’s much to do and little done,
Women, sisters, every one,

Lend a helping hand, not shirk
Any part of God's great work.

Come ! we've need of you !

THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE.

TIS the song of the morning,
The words of the sun,
As he swings o'er the mountains :
“ There's work to be done :
I must wake up the sleepers,
And banish the night ;
I must paint up the heavens,
Tuck the stars out of sight ;
“ Dry the dew on the meadows,
Put warmth in the air,
Chase the fog from the lowlands,
Stay gloom everywhere.
No pausing, no resting,
There's work to be done.
It is upward and onward,
Still on,” says the sun.

’Tis the song of our soldiers
Who bravely march on :
“ There are souls to be gathered,
There’s work to be done :
We must wake up the sleepers,
And teach them to *think* ;
We must paint in full horrors
The breakers of *drink* ;
“ Dry the tears of the mourners,
Put the cups out of sight,
And, Eastward and Westward,
Proclaim, ‘ There is light.’
’Tis the Marseillaise of Progress—
There’s work to be done,”
The song of our soldiers,
The song of the sun.

THE LODGE-ROOM.

DON'T bring into the lodge-room
Anger, and spite, and pride.

Drop at the gate of the temple
The strife of the world outside.

Forget all your cares and trials,
Forget every selfish sorrow,

And remember the cause you meet for,
And haste ye the glad to-morrow.

Drop at the gate of the temple
Envy, and spite, and gloom.

Don't bring personal quarrels
And discord into the room.

Forget the slights of a sister,
Forget the wrongs of a brother,

And remember the new commandment,
That ye all love one another.

Bring your heart into the lodge-room,
But leave yourself outside,

That is, your personal feelings,
Ambition, vanity, pride.

Centre each thought and power
On the cause for which you assemble,
Fetter the demon liquor,
And make ye the traffic tremble.

Ay ! to fetter and to chain him,
And cast him under our feet,
This is the end we aim at,
The object for which we meet.
Then don't bring into the lodge-room,
Envy, or strife, or pride,
Or aught that will mar our union,
But leave them all outside.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE man of God stands, on the Sabbath-day,
Warning the sinners from the broad highway
That leads to death. He rolls his pious eye,
And tells how wily demons hidden lie
To spring upon the thoughtless souls who pass
Along. He lifts his hands, and cries, "Alas !

That such things be ! O sinners ! pause ;

Gird on God's armour ; let the devil see
Thou hast espoused a high and holy cause,

And all his arts are powerless on thee." "
'Tis thus the man of God in warning cries,
And tears of heart-felt sorrow fill his eyes ;
And then he doffs his surplice and his gown,
And calls for *wine* to wash his sorrow down.

Ah ! follower of the meek and lowly One,
And is it thus that thou would'st have men shun
The road to death ? Is this the better way,
Of which thou tellest on the Sabbath-day ?
This wine you sip to quench your pious thirst,
Of all the devil's arts, he reckons *first*.
And countless legions go down to the dead,
Slain, soul and body, by the demon red.
Is *this* the holy principle you teach ?
Or shall men practise, while you only preach ?

The righteous churchman reads a tale of strife,
One of those countless tragedies of city life ;
He sighs, and shakes his head, and sighs again,
And thanks his God he's not as other men.

And then he sips his glass of ale or rum,
And wonders if the time shall ever come
When such things cease to be. I answer, "When
You who bear the names of Christian men
Shall with your wines, and ales, and beers dispense,
And choose the motto, 'Total Abstinence.'"

The politician sighs at the nation's debt,
And groans at his heavy tax. And yet
He calls his jolly friends from near and far,
And does not sigh or groan before the bar,
But "treats" them with a free and lavish hand,
Thus swelling the liquor tax upon the land.
And so the world goes ; and will always go
As long as fools live. And their lives are long,
As all may see who look around, and so
I'll let it waggle on, and cease my song,
Hoping 'gainst hope, that some poor struggling ray
Of common sense may find its weary way
Into the stupid hearts and brains of those
Who prate of *any* evil this world knows,
And sip their wines and beer, and say to men,
"We only drink a little—now and then."

NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY ODE.

H O ! for the day in the whole year the brightest !
Long may it live in the heart of the nation !
Long may it be ere the names are forgotten
That boldly were signed to the grand Declaration !
Shout, sons of liberty ! shout for the one land free
Under the sun !
On this thrice blessed day its bonds were struck away,
Its thongs undone !

Ho ! for our banner, the emblem of freedom !
What can arouse a true hero's devotion—
What like the Stars and Stripes, floating above us ?
Queen of all lands, and the peer of the ocean.
Oh ! it is fair to see, oh ! it is dear to me,
Flag of the brave !
Time's wheel shall cease to move, true hearts shall cease
to love,
Ere it cease to wave.

But there's a blemish now staining our banner !
The bright stars are dimmed, and the fair stripes
are spotted,

With the tears of the drunkard's wife, mother, and
children,

With hot tears of shame is our flag blurred and blotted.
Victims of tyranny, *strike* till our land is free
From King Alcohol;
Strike down his whelps of sin, rum, brandy, beer, and gin—
Strangle them all.

Up to the contest, and wipe out this blemish !
Columbia's son, and Columbia's daughter,
God speed the day when the one "Land of Freedom"
Shall add to its title the "Land of Cold Water!"
Three cheers for Columbia, and this, her natal day !
God bless the right,
And guard from a traitor's hand this our beloved land,
And the Red, Blue, and White !

July 4th, 1871.

WHERE ARE THE TEMPERANCE PEOPLE?

IN REPLY TO A QUERY.

WHERE are the temperance people?

Well, scattered here and there :

Some gathering in their produce

To show at the autumn fair ;

Some threshing wheat for market,

And others threshing rye,

That will go to the fat distiller

For whisky by-and-by.

And some are selling their hop crops

At a first-rate price, this year,

And the seller pockets the money,

While the drunkard swallows the beer.

And some "staunch temperance workers" (?)

Who'd do anything for the cause,

Save to give it a dime or a moment,

Or work for temperance laws,

May be seen from now to election,
Near any tavern stand
Where liquor flows in plenty,
With a voter on either hand.
And these temperance office-seekers
That we hear of far and near
Are the ones who furnish the money
That buys the lager-beer.

But these are only the black sheep
Who want the temperance name
Without living up to the precepts,
And so bring themselves to shame.
And the true brave temperance people,
Who have the cause at heart,
Are doing the work that's nearest,
Each his allotted part:

Some lifting the fallen drunkard,
Some preaching unto men,
Some aiding the cause with money,
And others with the pen.

Each has a different mission,
Each works in a different way,
But their works shall melt together
In one grand result, some day.

And one, our Chief (God bless him),
Is working day and night :
With his sword of burning eloquence
He is fighting the noble fight.

Whether in lodge or convention,
Whether at home or abroad,
He is reaping a golden harvest
To lay at the feet of God.

Where are the temperance people ?
All scattered here and there,
Sowing the seeds of righteous deeds,
That the harvest may be fair.

THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE.

FIRE ! Fire ! Fire ! the cry rang out on the night air,
The roving winds caught it up, and the very
heavens resounded.

Louder and louder still, by voices grown hoarse with
terror,

The cry went up and out and a nation stood still to listen.

“Come, for the love of God, and help us to fight the
demon !

Come and help us to chain the fiend that is making us
homeless :

His hot and scorching breath has melted our hard-
earned fortunes,

And, not contented with this, he is snatching our loved
ones from us.

The air is thick with the stream that pours in clouds
from his nostrils :

Come, for the love of God, and help us to fetter or slay
him.”

The ear of the Nation heard, the heart of the Nation responded :

The smith left anvil and forge, and hastened to render assistance ;

The clergyman went from the pulpit, the lawyer went from his office,

The houses of trade were closed, and the Nation was in commotion.

For the hungry tongue of Fire was lapping the skirts of the city,

The royal Queen of the West, and her people were crying in anguish.

Nobly and well they worked, till they chained and fettered the demon,

Bound him hand and foot, and hindered his work of destruction.

Over the land on wires, over the mighty cable,

Flashed the terrible truth : “Ruin and destitution

Reigns where but yesterday there was lavish wealth and plenty.”

And up from the South came aid, and aid came down
from the Northland,

And it came from East and West, wholesome food for
the hungry,

Shelter for houseless heads, and clothes to cover the
naked.

Hark ! there's a sound abroad, like the cry of a suffer-
ing people,

Loud and louder it swells, and echoes from ocean to
ocean,

The raving winds catch it up, and from throats that are
hoarse with crying

The wail goes up and out, but is answered only by
echoes.

“ Come, for the love of God, and help us to fetter the
demon

That is taking the bread from our mouths and the
mouths of our helpless children ;

He is walking abroad in the land, and all things perish
before him :

Homesteads crumble away, and fortunes vanish like
snow wreaths ;

And, not contented with this, he is slaying our best and
our fairest,

Stealing the brains of the wise, and bringing the young
to the gallows ;

He is making the home forlorn, and crowding the jails
and the prisons,

He moves the hand of the thief—*he* drives the assassin's
dagger."

The ear of the Nation is deaf, the heart of the Nation is
hardened :

The smith at his anvil and forge sings in the midst of
his labour ;

The clergyman stands in his pulpit, and prays for the
soul of the sinner,

But says no word of the fiend who wrecked and ruined
the mortal ;

The lawyer smokes his cigar or sips his glass of Bur-
gundy ;

The merchant, day after day, thinks only of buying and
selling.

And up and down through the land, night and day,
walks the demon,

Poverty, sorrow, and shame follow the print of his foot-
steps.

The cry of the people goes up, a cry of anguish and
pleading,

But only a few respond, a few too feeble to chain him.
The multitude stands aloof, or aids the fiend of destruc-
tion,

While he tramples under his hoofs hundreds and thou-
sands of victims—

And the multitude's ear is deaf to the wail of the beg-
gared orphans.

Shame, oh ! shame to the Nation that leaves the demon
of Traffic

Free to roam through the land, and pillage and rob the
helpless.

Shame to the multitude that will not render assistance,
But leaves a few to do what many can only accomplish.

Arouse ! ye listless hosts ! and answer the suffering people !
Spring to the aid of the million, as ye sprang to the aid
of the thousand :

As you fettered the demon Fire, fetter the demon
Traffic,
Who slays by tens of thousands, where the other slew
only hundreds.

IF I WERE SENT.

I F I were sent to represent
A portion of a nation,
I would not chat on this and that
In the halls of legislation.
To show my power, I'd waste no hour
In aimless talk and bother,
Nor fritter away a precious day
On this, and that, and the other ;

Whether the food a dog consumes
Wouldn't make a porker fatter ;*
And about a thousand aimless things
Of no import or matter ;

Whether each day a man should pray*
For our welfare or shouldn't.
Now, I do not *SAY* men *DO* this way,
I merely say *I* wouldn't !

No ! were I sent to represent
A State, or town, or county,
I'd do some good, and all I could
To earn the people's bounty.
Instead of a dog or a fattening hog,
I'd talk about *men's drinking*,
And with words of fire I would inspire
The stolid and unthinking.

And the time that I *might* idly waste
(I didn't say men *do* waste it)
I'd spend in pleading for my cause ;
And with tongue and pen I'd haste it
Through all the land, till a mighty band,
With laws and legislation,
Should cleanse the stain, and cut the chain
That binds our helpless nation.

* A certain legislative body spent hours in discussing such trivial matters.

And little need would there be then,
When that bright sun had risen,
Of asylum wings or building sites,
Of county or State prison.

The need is *made* by the liquor trade !

O ye wise, sage law-makers !
'Tis the fiend you smile upon that makes
Our madmen and law-breakers.

“Two-thirds”—so reads our State Report—
Are made insane through liquor.
And so I say, I'd spend no day
In idle talk or bicker,
If I were sent to represent
A portion of a nation ;
But I'd plead for laws, until my cause
Was won through legislation.

GOD'S WORK.

TO J. J. H., OF KENTUCKY.

GAATHERING brands from the burning,
Plucking them out of the fire,
Listing the sheep that have wandered,
Out of the dust and the mire.
Bringing home sheaves from the harvest
To lay at the Master's feet—
Lord ! all Thy hosts of angels
Must smile on a life so sweet.

Speaking with fear of no man,
Speaking with love for all,
Warning the young and thoughtless
From the wild beast—"Alcohol."
Showing the snares that the tempter
Weaveth on every hand.
Lord ! all thy dear, dear angels
Must smile on a life so grand.

Fighting the bloodless battle
With a heart that is true and bold ;
Fighting it not for glory,
Fighting it not for gold,
But out of love for his neighbour,
And out of the love for his Lord.
And I know that the hand of the angels
Will crown him with his reward.

For whoso works for the Master,
And whoso fights his fight,
The angels crown with a star-wreath,
And it glows with gems most bright.
They wear them for ever and ever,
The saints in that land of bliss,
And I know that heaven's best jewel
Is kept for a soul like this.

THE BREWER'S DOG.

THE brewer's dog is abroad, boys,
Be careful where you stray,

His teeth are coated with poison,
And he's on the watch for prey.

The brewery is his kennel,
But he lurks on every hand,
And he seeks for easy victims
The children of the land.

His eyes gleam through the windows
Of the gay saloon at night,
And in many a first-class "drug-store"
He his hiding out of sight.

Be careful where you enter,
And, if you smell his breath,
Flee as you would from a viper,
For its fumes are the fumes of death.

O boys ! would you kill the bloodhound ?
Would you slay the snarling whelp ?
I know that you can do it
If every one will help.

You must make a solemn promise
To drink no ale or beer,
And soon the feeble death-wail
Of the brewer's dog we'll hear.

For, if *all* keep the promise,
You can starve him out, I know ;
But, if boys and men keep drinking,
The dog will thrive and grow.

THANKSGIVING.

[Written after the passage of the Temperance Law in Wisconsin, 1872.]

THANK God for *men* ! I hear the shout
From East and West go up and out.
Thank God for men whose hearts are true ;
For men who boldly *dare* and *do* ;
For men who are not bought and sold,
Who value honour more than gold ;
For men large-hearted, noble-minded ;
For men whose visions are not blinded

With selfish aims—men who will fight
With tongue or sword for what is right ;
For men whom threats can never cower ;
For men who dare to use their power
To shield the right and punish wrong,
E'en though his hosts are bold and strong,
For men who work with hearts and hands
For what the public good demands.
Bless God ! the thankful people say,
Such men have not *all* passed away.

Bless God enough are left at least
To put a muzzle on the beast
That walks our land from breadth to length
And robs the strong man of his strength ;
Takes bread from babes, steals wise men's brains,
And leaves them bound in helpless chains ;
Makes sin and sorrow, shame and woe,
Wherever his cloven feet may go.
This is the mission of the beast
Whose bloated keepers sit and feast
On seasoned dainties, that were bought
With blood, and tears, and God knows what—

Keepers who laugh when women cry,
Who smile when children starve and die,
If so they gain one farthing more
To add to their ill-gotten store.
From South and North, from West and East,
The people clamoured, "Chain the beast !
Fetter the monster Alcohol
Before he robs us of our all."

Thank God the earnest cry was heard,
And hearts of noble men were stirred.
And though a weak-kneed host went down
Before the keeper's threatening frown,
Enough were left, a bold, brave few,
Strong-brained, broad-souled men who were true—
Men who *were* men, and did not fear
The villain's threat or coward's sneer ;
Enough to muzzle with the law
The foulest beast the world ever saw.
Thank God ! thank God ! the people say,
True men have not *all* passed away.

IN THE CUP.

THREE is grief in the cup !

I saw a proud mother set wine on the board ;
The eyes of her son sparkled bright as she poured
The ruddy stream into the glass in his hand.
The cup was of silver ; the lady was grand
In her satins and laces ; her proud heart was glad
In the love of her fair, noble son ; but, oh ! sad,
Oh ! *so* sad ere a year had passed by,
And the soft light had gone from her beautiful eye.
For the boy that she loved, with a love strong as death,
In the chill hours of morn, with a drunkard's foul
breath
And a drunkard's fierce oath, reeled and staggered his way
To his home, a dark blot on the face of the day.

There is shame in the cup !

The tempter said, "Drink," and a fair maiden quaffed
Till her cheeks glowed the hue of the dangerous draught.
The voice of the tempter spoke low in her ear
Words that once would have started the quick, angry
tear,

But wine blunts the conscience, and wine dulls the
brain,

She listened and smiled, and he whispered again.

He lifted the goblet : "Once more," he said, "drink,"
And the soul of the maiden was lost in the brink.

There is death in the cup !

A man in God's image, strong, noble, and grand,
With talents that crowned him a prince of the land,
Sipped the ruddy red wine ! sipped it lightly at first,
Until from its chains broke the demon of thirst.
And thirst became master, and man became slave,
And he ended his life in the drunkard's poor grave.
Wealth, fame, talents, beauty, and life swallowed up,
Grief, shame, death, destruction, are *all* in the cup.

GREETING POEM.

[Read at the Reception of Delegates of R.W.G. Lodge I.O.G.T.,
Madison, May 28, 1872.]

THERE was a sound in the wind to-day,
Like a joyous cymbal ringing !

And the leaves of the trees talked with the breeze,
And they altogether were singing,

For they knew that an army, both bold and strong,
A brave, *brave* army, was coming,
Not with the fife and sounds of strife,
With martial music and drumming,
Not with stern faces and gleaming swords,
That would make blood to flow like water,
While brother and brother should slay each other
On wholesale fields of slaughter ;
But rather like rills from a thousand hills,
That ripple through valley and heather,
On, on to the sea, with a song of glee,
Till they meet and mingle together.

They come from the South, and the East, and the West,
The bravest and best in the nation.
They come at no idle and aimless quest,
But to work for a world's salvation.
From the Scot's fair land and from England's strand,
O'er the mountain and heather and ocean,
They come ; and the foe by their coming shall know
The strength of a Templar's devotion.

On the earnest brows, in the thoughtful eyes,
We read the unchanging story—
They fight in their might for the truth and the right,
And not for vain name or glory.

O grandest of armies ! O bravest of bands !
We give you a cordial greeting,
And the blood of our warm hearts beats in the hands
That are offered to you in meeting.
The heart of a Templar is never cold,
Nor stands it aloof from a brother,
And his hand is steady, and always ready
To clasp the hand of another.

In God's great Book, where but angels look,
On pages of spotless beauty
Are written in letters of living light
A Templar's vow and his duty.

“For ever and ever,” the promise reads,
For ever and ever 'twas given.
And who keeps or breaks the pledge that he takes
Must meet the record in heaven.

Our order is noble and grand and strong,
And is gathering strength each hour,

And the good of the earth proclaim its worth,

While the foe turns pale at its power.

And we of the State that men call great,

The nation's brave "Badger" daughter,

Step by step as we go, are defeating the foe,

While we add to the hosts of cold water.

With the chief at our head whom the foe may well dread,

The Sherman or Grant of our battles,

By day and by night we fight the good fight,

Though never a cannon rattles.

For the *tongue* and the *pen* are the swords of our men,

And prayer keeps them whetted and polished;

They will let God's light in on the foe's licensed sin,

Till the traffic of death is abolished.

With cunning hands we fashioned the strands

Of a stout restraining tether,

To fasten the beast, for a season at least,

And our statesmen tied it together.

The beast strains the rope with the idle hope

Of making it weaker or longer,

But the Templars to-day are working away

To make it *shorter* and *stronger*.

We give you greeting—we need your aid !
There is work for many a morrow,
There are beautiful souls going down in the bowls,
There are homes that are burdened with sorrow,
There are mourning captives all over the earth,
Hugging the fetters that bind them.
We must show them the light, we must set them aright,
We must work for them all as we find them.

With a soaring “Faith,” that is stronger than death,
We must work while the day hangs o’er us.
We are brave and strong, and our battle-song
Has “Hope” for the ringing chorus.
With “Charity” broad as the mercy of God,
We must lift up the fallen neighbour,
And the Lord’s dear band, in the angel land,
Will smile on our blessèd labour.

Welcome, brave warriors in God’s holy cause !
The hearts in our bosoms are beating
As one heart to-night, filled with pride and delight—
Welcome, thrice welcome, our greeting.

And though soon between will lie long miles of green,
Though oceans divide us for ever,
The ties which now bind heart with heart, mind with
mind,
The hand of death only can sever.



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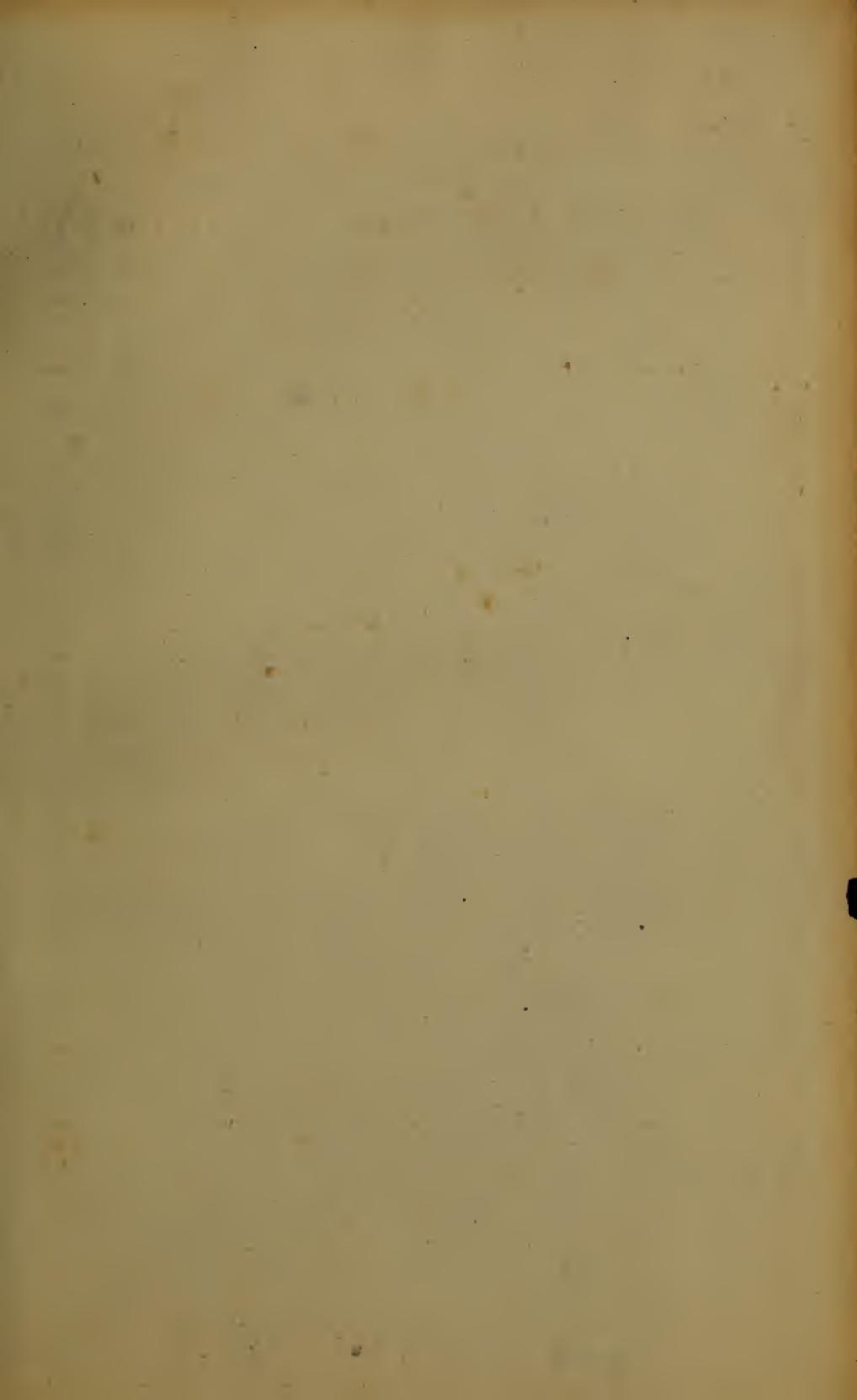
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